JULY
25¢

True Mystic Science

THE MYSTERIOUS "DR. X"
by Walter Stuart

BLACK LUISA
My Mystic Protectress
by Arthur J. Burks

Amazing Haunting of the BELL WITCH
by Tomaso Cellani

An Occultist Looks at ESP
by Ann S. Benjamine

THE WORLD'S MOST PHENOMENAL PICTURE!

(See Back Cover and Story on Page 67)

Let Me Prove What YOUR Mind Can Demonstrate

Famous Rosicrucian Mystic Explains Secret Method Used by Thousands . . . .

ARE you weary of reading the books that tell you about the wonderful things accomplished by the master minds of the past? Are you tired of hearing what *can* be done with the mystic laws of mind and matter without being told how YOU can do these things, easily and surely?

If you are like thousands upon thousands of others, you will want to be MASTER of your own life, your own career. You will cease believing the fantastic tales of the adepts of the Far East and the Mystics of the Orient, and will demand that you be shown *how to do these great demonstrations of occult power.*

For ages man has accepted the doctrines of church and school on faith. Today man demands the *knowledge* of the methods for self-demonstration. His life and his fate are in his own making. He no longer believes that God has damned some to hell and some to Heaven before birth. He *wants to rise, master, succeed and create for himself.* He has discovered that it is his Divine Heritage. Telling him that it is possible for man's mind to accomplish miracles without explaining how and revealing the secret laws, has brought discouragement, sorrow, failure, and doubt into the hearts of millions.

But the great truth of the matter will never be found in books. This fact is not frankly told to the seeker, and he is led to buy books, and buy, and buy. Lecturers, teachers, writers, and self-appointed guides continue to talk about what CAN BE DONE, and leave a host of hopeful but blind searchers for the knowledge they seek.

Certainly there must be some truth in the claims made and the stories told. For hundreds of years, in all countries, there have been noted men and women who demonstrated a rare and dependable system of *creative mind power,* and whose rise to success and attainment was miraculous. It is because we contact today those who seem to possess some unusual knowledge and a secret key to nature's bounties that thousands still have hope and believe in the pot at the end of the rainbow.

H. SPENCER LEWIS, Ph. D., F. R. C.
Imperator and Supreme Magus of AMORC, the Mystic Rosicrucians

The real knowledge, however, is not publicly distributed to the worthy and unworthy alike; nor is it offered on a commercial basis like some earthly commodity of man's manufacturing. The knowledge is from a sacred source; it is a priceless gift to the pure in heart and the deserving. Its value has been preserved by its careful protection from the sordid and completely selfish minds. This rare and secret wisdom of the higher laws of mind and nature have remained in the charge of one very ancient Brotherhood, the Rosicrucians, who proved years ago their great love for mankind, their broad tolerance and their willingness to help all to attainment and success if worthy.

Today the fraternity of Rosicrucians, existing in all lands and known as the AMORC, offers the real and true knowledge of man's potent powers over matter and mystery. Those who are ready to study, practice and master, step by step, may have the complete knowledge under a very liberal arrangement that is not inconsistent with the high ideals of the Great School of the Great White Brotherhood. It will mean the complete change of fortune for any man or woman who follows the instructions and lives the happy, creative life of a Rosicrucian. Thousands in all parts of the world today, are secret students of Rosicrucian methods.

I personally invite every *real seeker* of worthy mind and sincere heart to write to the scribe by using the Coupon below for a complimentary copy of a book that will explain the history and methods of instructions of the Rosicrucian Order known as AMORC in all lands.

Important Facts About the Rosicrucians

There is but one International Rosicrucian Brotherhood throughout the world perpetuating the ancient and genuine principles and ideals of the Rosicrucian revelations. This organization is known as AMORC in every land. Thousands of successful, happy students of these helpful teachings live in every part of North America and in all the large cities of the world. Perhaps those nearest to you who are the most successful in life are ready to help you if you take the first step and show a sincere interest in wanting to have their help. Always remember the Mystic Key Word — AMORC.

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Please send me without obligation of any kind, a FREE copy of "The Secret Heritage." I am really sincere, not merely curious.

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Volume 2

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE

Number 4

JULY C. A. RANDALL, *Managing Editor* 1939

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Designed in the Other World, it cost millions of dollars and took forty years to complete

The House That Spirits Built

A thing of fading glory, it can be seen today on Stevens Creek Road, near San Jose, California. Believing that she would not die while construction was in progress, the owner, Mrs. Sarah L. Winchester, kept a crew of carpenters working continuously day and night. Mrs. Winchester was a member of the famous firearms family of that name. The house served as the locale for the recently released "Hound of the Baskervilles," by Conan Doyle. To natives of San Jose it is a ghost house. To Whit Wellman it is the subject of a most fascinating article.

Secret Talent of Mark Twain Revealed!

To most readers Mark Twain was just an entertaining humorist. Of his more serious side little is generally known. But more than half a century ago, Twain "played" with telepathy, clairvoyance and other phenomena. He not only "played" with these powers, but proved them to his own satisfaction. Pearl M. Holmes, a student of Twainiana, reveals the author's experimenting with psychic phenomena.

These unusually interesting articles and many more will appear in the next issue of

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PSYCHIC WONDERS

IN NO MAN'S LAND

By Wayne L. Gorton

IN THE YEAR 1914 the crimson clouds of war were gathering on the world's horizons—gathering to spill their rain of misery, hate, and terror. If the spirits of Alaric and Attila were watching these events on the earth plane, they must have laughed in glee. The marching feet of sixty million men were about to tread the carpet of the earth into a muddy shambles. Throughout Europe long lines of eager boys stood waiting to enlist. Most of their faces reflected excitement and the love of adventure that lives in the minds of the young. In once peaceful Glamorganshire, Wales, sixteen-year-old Thomas J. Kelly stood in line. At last he was going on a vacation! He was out of the mines, was wearing the British uniform, and was all set to experience the thrills and joys of life.

"But out of that vast cauldron of hate," Kelly says, "some of the strangest and most powerful spiritual manifestations were to come that man has ever been granted the power to see. As I stood there awaiting my turn, the psychic forces that have controlled my life came to me sharply and clearly in the midst of the quickening excitement all about. I recalled, as a child, my prediction that had so startled my elders—that a great war would engulf the world, and that the strength of England, Belgium, and France would be sorely tried.

"In the shadow of this prediction that had become a terrible reality, my spirit guide came again to me, and with great clarity told me that I would fight in the very center of the clashing forces. For the moment the bright, exciting visions faded, and I waited for the completion of the message that I felt would come to me. Then the mystic voice told me:

" 'You will fight until you are wounded. You will be sent home, but you will not die. You will recover.'

"As one may be sure of life and death, I knew that this would be my fate. But I was not to test that fate until some time later. Even as thousands of others, my enlistment was broken because of my age. Only by running away did I managed to re-enlist immediately."

Under the stress of strong emotions—love and hate, anger and fear—the mind of man has brief periods of inspiration when it seems to possess almost superhuman intelligence. At such times the occult forces make themselves apparent, and the human soul is to receive and transmit with startling clarity messages from higher spiritual planes. The phenomenal mystic experiences of Thomas John Kelly, while the air trembled with hideous sound and the night skies were livid with exploding shells, are conclusive proof of man's ability to receive flashes from the immortal universe.

At the very beginning of the war, Kelly relates, and before the youths embarked for France, there were predictions. . . .

"Immediately upon my re-enlistment I was sent to train at Ludentown and, a short time later, at Aldershot. Plunged into this magnificent confusion, out of which ordered discipline sprang so quickly, there was little time or place for reflection. However, fleeting thoughts at times would be transmitted to me, and out of the thousands of men at Aldershot some would seem to stand out from the rest—because I knew that they were destined to pass on in battle! Others, I also knew, would go through the war unharmed. Sometimes I told them, in answer to their questions, that they would return."

As a member of the Eighth Division, Thirty-third Brigade, and Thirty-third battery, Royal Field Artillery, B. E. F., young Kelly crossed the English Channel. From that point on begin the strange psychic phenomena that make the war especially interesting from a spiritual point of view. Strange visions appeared seemingly from nowhere, to hover in the brilliant night over No Man's Land. Men died so fast that their spiritual beings were unwilling to fly immediately away. Unearthly psychic lights guided terrified soldiers through cataclysms of hell-fire, loosed by a wrathful Mars on a horror-stricken world.

"In the beginning," says Kelly, "we engaged the Prussian Guards at Neuve Chapelle, and there in the mud, and the slush and the rain occurred the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Fighting hand to hand with them, our Eighth Division broke through and held. Blood and death were legion, and at night the sky was

Amid the bursting of bombs and the red horror of conflict on France's blood-soaked battlefields, T. John Kelly heard the spirit voices, saw glorious phenomena in the heavens, and predicted the future of his comrades in arms.

T. John Kelly in his uniform. Then in his teens, Kelly was an artilleryman in the British Army during the World War.

a thing of a thousand lights—and in those lights were the fleeing souls of men."

A Symbol in the Sky

In that first bloody battle of Neuve Chapelle, Kelly states that men lived at first in the fear of God. Gradually, however, their blind fear disappeared. Men's hates and sympathies retreated into the Cosmos until their very souls appeared to have departed. They became but little more than physical beings in which even the terrors of the war itself were reflected in blurred and indistinct outline.

How strange, then, when the minds of men were all but dead under the weight of this vast lethargy, that suddenly out of nowhere would come psychic phenomena and marvelous apparitions that could occur in no other setting.

"It was in the midst of one of the darkest hours of the war," Kelly tells. "For days we had been banging away from our position just back of the front lines near Ypres, and for days the wings of death had been beating all about us. Through the drugged minds of the troops an all pervading sense of discouragement and futility had filtered, until it seemed that the universe had stopped, and that there was no God and no time.

"One night toward the end of this phase of the war, I was standing beside my gun, when almost imperceptibly

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Death hovered above the trenches, and men came to know him as a familiar acquaintance. Kelly could tell who, among those of his division, were to be blasted into the World Beyond, and who were to come through the war unscathed.

a strange uneasiness filled my mind. Raising my head, I stared at the lights and flashes that made the rain-filled night a thing of awful splendor. All about me I could feel the strange sensation spreading. My mind became gradually crystal-clear and then, as though some great invisible hand was laying itself over the muzzles of the guns, the racking sound of them became ragged and scattered until it died away entirely and left a silence so utter that it seemed as if no life were here and that nature itself were lost in the death of the world. And then the Immortal Powers seemed to engulf the torn battlefield, *and in that instant I knew that the future was to be written in the sky.*

"The guns had ceased firing, and for this unearthly moment the war was dead. It did not then seem strange to me that the sky, instead of darkening, became even brighter, that it glowed crimson from horizon to horizon, and slowly deepened to a darker, blood-red hue. And in that light I glanced for a moment at a figure propped stiffly erect against the gun at my left—a figure from which the physical life had been blasted but moments before. *The lifeless figure was staring at the sky!* The man had died in the time it takes a shell to burst; yet his spirit seemed to be lingering there to watch the strange manifestation taking place overhead.

"All about me men had stopped in their tracks and were wildly pointing at the sky. 'What is it?' they cried.

"One of them standing near to me was Will Owens. He was a big rough fellow and at that time was not in any sense religious. But now he was staring at the sky in fascination. Pointing one of this thick, blunt fingers, he turned to me and said, 'Kelly, what the hell is it?' The big finger was shaking. But if I had wanted to, in that moment I could not have answered him.

"Then, with all the glory and the dignity and the power that have been the heritage of the English kings, the face and shoulders of Edward VII, long since dead, spread across the sky. It hung there for what seemed an eternity to me, and the details were so clear and lifelike that I stood transfixed.

"Slowly, as it had appeared, it began to move across the heavens, and then gradually disappeared above the fading light. For weeks afterward men came to me with questions. What was the meaning of the strange vision that had stilled the guns and made, for the moment, this fearful battle unimportant? In the midst of this turmoil, that had continued for months and was destined to run for more months, such questions were pathetic and demanded an answer.

"At the time of this amazing vision the forces of battle were swaying in the balance, and for any man to predict the ultimate outcome of the war would have seemed an act of folly. Nonetheless, the outcome was revealed to me in that hushed, small space of time. I knew it with all the certainty that I was still of this world. I had been granted the power to interpret the strange vision, and I told my comrades that it was a sign that we had a leader: not a mortal but a spiritual leader. I told them the sudden vision of King Edward was a sign of courage and conviction, that the ultimate victory would be ours."

Wings Crumple Over Flanders Field

Under the stress of strong emotions, such as those engendered by the war, man's mind retains memories

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

that must of necessity be ragged and interrupted. But some of those memories stand out even more clearly than those of more recent origin. Such on occurrence is illustrated by a meeting that took place between Mr. Kelly and a certain Mr. Laud years after the noise of battle had faded into history.

Kelly describes it as follows: "After the war and after I had left England to make the United States my home, I received a visit from this Mr. Laud, of Minnesota. He came to me for spiritual consolation, and this visit of Mr. Laud's brought back to me one of the most poignant memories I have of that bloody time. That his presence should do this is an example of the spiritual forces at work. I did not know Mr. Laud, nor did I know the nature of his bereavement at this time, nor did he then tell me.

Kelly's army discharge, dated January 23, 1919. Now a world-famous medium, living in Buffalo, N. Y., Kelly is missionary-at-large for the National Spiritualist Association.

"He said merely that he had come for spiritual guidance, and with his words a blue sky seemed to come back to me across the years—one of those sunny French afternoons that once in a while drove away the mud and the rain. High in that pale-blue sky a great air raid was in progress. Men fought against that backdrop of the heavens like avenging angels, and the penalty was death.

"My immediate surroundings seemed to fade away from me, and my spirit guide directed my eyes to one of the circling and wheeling planes that dotted the sky. It was a British ship, and in that moment I knew that its flashing wings would crumple to the earth at our feet.

"I was profoundly shaken. For a man to find himself suddenly endowed with supernormal perception, enabling him to know that a living person stands on the very threshold of the Immortal World, is at once a wonderful and a terrible revelation.

"The spirit voice told me that the pilot of the plane was young, hardly more than a lad—and that already his mortal moments were as nothing. Suddenly a long thin streamer of smoke sprang from the British plane, and with agonizing slowness it started earthward in a series of slow spins. Men about me watched it fascinated, wanting to look away but unable to do so. It is a horrible thing to watch men die, and now those around me sensed that it was to happen. A great calmness had come over me, for in my case there had been no element of surprise, and the finality of the revelation had eliminated mortal feeling. It was fate that this thing should happen.

"The plane came down in flames. Just above the shell-torn earth it straightened out—and crashed. I helped lift the critically wounded boy from the plane to a truck that served as an ambulance. His passenger was already dead from machine gun fire.

"At this point Mr. Laud interrupted the recollection that had come back to me so clearly, and which had been so strangely caused by his visit to me. Obviously fighting strong emotion, he asked, 'What were the last words of the boy?' I replied:

" 'Before he died in the rough truck, the boy asked the simple question, "Did I get my captain down safely?" '

"I had never seen the boy before, and we never learned anything about him, but the same conviction that had told me that he would die, told me also that his name was Harold. At that point my spirit guide left me, and that is all I learned."

Kelly then tells that with the mention of the boy's name Mr. Laud stood up with tears in his eyes and stated simply, "That was my son." Later on Mr. Kelly visited the home of Mr. Laud in Minnesota, and from a series of pictures on the wall of the home was able correctly to identify that of Harold Laud. It is one of those things that can only be explained as the activity of occult forces in times of great emotional strain.

The Man Who Could Not Die

The riddle of life and death—of the mortal and the immortal—has throughout the history of human life been of prime interest to the minds of men. The great religions and philosophies of the world have invariably been connected with this eternal question. Only in isolated and brief instances have human beings been granted

the power to see beyond the confines of the immortal sphere. It is an amazing fact that this slight young artilleryman, Thomas John Kelly, was so many times lifted above the vast stupor induced by war and granted the power to see the futures of so many a hapless soldier.

One of several such cases that he describes concerns another young Tommy. And as surely as Kelly knew that the boy in the plane would die, he knew that this one would live.

"There was a man in our battery by the name of Ryan. Ryan, like myself, was young, and he did not want to die. Death seemed to hold a terrible fascination for him, and he was always talking to me about it.

" 'Why is it,' he would ask, 'that so many of these poor blimies don't want to die, and then all of a sudden they are dead? And then that young fool on the water wagon laughs at death, and he can't get himself killed?'

"I would tell Ryan that he had nothing to do with it, that there was a spirit guide controlling his fate, and that it had been decided that his time to die had not yet come.

"A psychic force was so strong in me," Kelly continues, "that I knew this man could not die. A dominating force, wherein there was no fear, so completely controlled his actions that I knew there was no bullet or shell on the front that could kill him.

"His was a most unfortunate personality. He was a disagreeable nuisance to every man in our sector of the line, as only the very young can at times be disagreeable. Although the coming scion of one of the oldest families in England, he was at that time little more than a brat. And yet this brat wore more medals than his major general. He was graced with the power of living and was completely devoid of any kind of fear.

"The water wagon detail at that time and in that sector was practically suicide. To get water the last two miles to the front lines we used horses hitched to wagons. Hundreds of men had sat on those wagons, and never more than a handful ever made it. 'A one way trip to hell,' was the way we described it, and yet the brat was always asking for that detail. He made the trip day after day, sitting or standing bolt upright on the wagons, and there was always a glint of glee in his youthfully sardonic eyes.

"Death at times brushed past him so closely that on one occasion he returned minus four fingers. Though every man there resented him, they came in time to regard him as something of a miracle.

"My firm belief has always been as follows: all of us are controlled in some degree by dominating spiritual forces, outside of us and beyond ourselves. Because these occult forces are of the greater spiritual world, where life and death are but variations of continuous spiritual life, they have the power to eliminate all fear of death. That this boy was completely without fear, and that he was constantly flaunting death, can only be explained by the fact that his earthly actions were controlled by a spiritual guide of which he was not conscious, and which held the fate of his mortal life in its spiritual hand."

He Had to Leave the Front to Be Killed

"One of the most ironical incidents of the war," says Kelly, "had to do with the comrade of mine who was killed going away from the front. I forget his name, but

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I often discussed it afterward with Scofield, William Amos, and Cliff Skeats, all men in my battery who had come over with me. It was one of the strangest spiritual revelations that came to me during the conflict.

"For almost three years this comrade had waited for a furlough that would not come. During this time he had been subjected to danger at every turn. To spend three years in the very center of that holocaust and come out alive was a miracle.

"His eyes still burn in my memory. I remember the morning, when, with the air trembling all about us, he came to me. His eyes were shining.

" 'It's come, it's come!' he kept repeating, as though he could not believe it, and he shoved the paper into my hand. 'I'm going home, and she'll be there,' he said, and then sheer happiness stopped his voice.

"Standing there in the middle of that hell, I felt like cursing the power that had been given me to receive spiritual messages concerning the future. To those who understand the true meaning of spiritualism, a revelation concerning the eternal life is a blessing, a reassurance for faith. But now it was a terrible thing to have physical death predicted.

"Such a prediction was given him through me that morning. The voice of my spirit guide spoke to him and said, 'Do not leave the front. If you do, you will be killed before you can reach the borders of France. If you stay here, no harm will come to you.'

"It was the end of the message, and it left me trem-

When the strongest passions of men are stirred to their depths, occult phenomena occur more frequently than at any other time.

bling as I handed back his pathetic piece of paper. He could not understand; and that afternoon, a lull having come in the fighting, he started back. As he was passing through Hell's Fire Corner, back of Ypres, the air was still and the war seemed far away. And yet suddenly, out of nowhere, a stray shell burst at his feet, and a dead man clutched the scrap of paper, which, in that instant had no meaning."

The Man Who Died for a Bolt of Silk

In such a war, where hundreds died day by day, and other hundreds continued to live, it would not be possible to cite all of the amazing occult visions that came to this man; there were so many that his comrades in arms came to regard him as the man with X-ray eyes.

Let it suffice to give one more example of these strange previsions of death to come. Like the case just recorded, it was ironical. A man died, and the prize was not the safeguarding of democracy—but only a bolt of silk.

During the war the British, in common with all armies in the field, had supply "dumps" back of their lines.

"At times," Kelly reports, "the Jerry would appear overhead with their planes and bomb these shelters that held supplies, and some of our boys would plunder the ruined structures. It was a means of acquiring presents to send to those who waited at home.

"The case in question involved Scofield, one of those with whom I discussed the death of the man who was killed leaving the lines. Scofield and another Tommie planned to go one night and pick up some of the silk and cloth that had been in one of the dumps wrecked that day by the enemy.

"They sat beside me that afternoon, planning the details of the evening's excursion. And as they planned, the same voice that had spoken through me to the furloughed man, spoke again. This time to Scofield.

" 'If you do this, you will not be harmed, but your companion will be killed,' it said.

"After what had happened, Scofield was shaken, but his friend merely laughed at what he called a ghost story. Against his own will, Scofield accompanied him that night. Much later that same evening he returned, and his face was white.

"Profoundly shaken, he told me, 'All of the way to the dump I felt a presence that I could not explain, but I knew that it was all about us. When we came near the dump, I stopped. Although no one was there, I felt as if someone had stopped me with the warning that death was waiting in the deserted shack. For what seemed hours I stood there, and then I saw my companion come out of the shadows with a bolt of silk under his arm. Grinning, he started toward me, and then a rifle cracked in the dark. Slowly he slumped down, still holding the silk in his arms, and the last I saw, before I turned away, was his dead body curled over the bolt of silk. The voice had been right.' "

The Vision in the Sand

Not all of the amazing spiritual messages that came to Thomas Kelly during the war were concerned with the grim question of life and death. Some of them dealt with romance, the undercurrent that always goes hand in hand with war. One of these visions concerned Kelly himself. For a brief time during the last two years of the war, he saw action on the Italian front, and traveled through Mesopotamia and the Mediterranean countries.

It was during this period that Kelly came in contact with the legendary mysticism of the East. Throughout the history of psychic and spiritual forces, strange revelations of Hindu mystics have constantly been reported.

"While in Mesopotamia," Kelly relates, "I spent an evening in the company of an old Hindu. The results of that evening were to change the course of my life pleasantly and deeply. The change was brought about by a picture that appeared in the hot sands in response to the inspired divination of the ancient mystic.

"At the time of this meeting I was not married nor in any sense engaged to be married. There were no associations of any kind to make me think of any single person. And yet this strange little old man of the East knelt down before me in the sand and began to make marks at my feet. We had not discussed the questions of marriage at all, but as he stared with a motionless intensity at the marks he had made, seemingly for no reason, a picture began to take form there. Gradually it came into clear, lifelike focus, and revealed before me was the face of a girl at home. Until this very moment she had been but one of many, but in this moment the future was clear before me.

[*Continued on page 50*]

ALL ROADS LEAD

By Dora Byron

THE LARGEST spiritualist camp in the world, Lily Dale Assembly, and the most unique community in Western New York, is now in its sixtieth annual season.

Window eyes in 250 cottages are blinking open. Brightly repainted signs of "Medium," "Astrologer," and "Psychic Healer" creak on their hinges above "Rooms to Rent." Lawnmowers clatter over green handkerchief yards. The first of Lily Dale's 50,000 visitors draw their cars to a stop at the stone gate posts.

They inspect the day's program. Who will lecture in the auditorium meeting? Which medium will give spirit messages? Is a Thought Exchange scheduled for the evening? Gravel plinks the fenders as they drive through the gates. Their cars nose over the tiny roads that knit the Assembly grounds, rolling past the picnic pavilion, the bathing beach, the library, the lyceum, the assembly hall, the cafeteria, or the auditorium in one of the most unusual towns in the United States. It is the psychic center of the country; a vacation spot that offers a program of public séances and lectures on spiritualism; one that has demonstrated some of the most astonishing psychic phenomena of modern times—a brave, determined little religious colony, but, with it all, a village wearing the same simple gay dress of any New York summer resort.

M. L. Knox, president of Lily Dale Assembly.

★

A view of the lake (below) **showing the spacious bathing beach, and some of the buildings.**

This year's program, from June 30th to August 29th, follows the traditional variety of séances and dances, the fun and phenomena of a spiritualist group at play. The program daily, except Monday, lists a lecture and messages in the auditorium. On Sundays there will be morning and afternoon meetings, also extra public séances. Special days dot the 1939 outline, such as Rochester Day, July 8th; Buffalo Day, July 16th; Illinois Day, July 29th; Ohio day, August 5th.

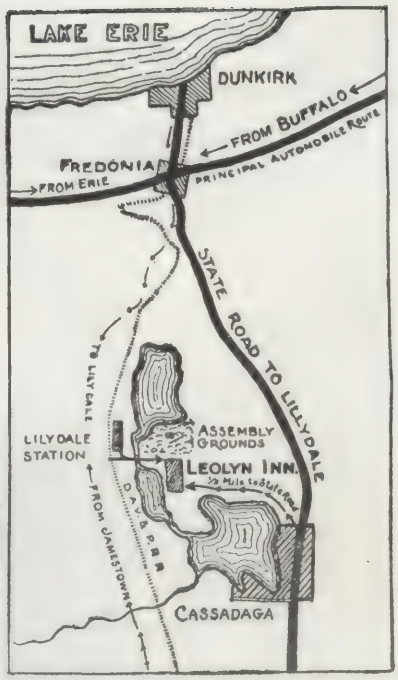
On such days, mediums and speakers from those sections take the platform.

Popular mediums re-engaged for the Lily Dale services this summer include T. John Kelly, George Cutter, Frederick Nicholson, Helen Graham, Minnie Sayers, and Lucy Walker. In addition, outstanding lecturers, such as Doctor A. E. Strath-Gordon, Columbia University professor, well known for his research into the occult, will appear. Doctor Strath-Gordon will speak on August 6th.

To balance these serious matters, entertainment is provided: carnivals, picnics, bazaars, "500" tournaments, and bingo parties. The highlight of the social program is a formal ball on Woman's Day, August 26th.

to LILY DALE

As the magnet to the steel is Lily Dale to sincere and thoughtful students of psychic phenomena.



Map of routes leading to Lily Dale.

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Left: Entrance to the Dale. Small building on the left is the box office. Main office is within the grounds.

Lily Dale Assembly is a $250,000 institution, covering 286 acres, turning over thousands of dollars annually. Beginning as a picnic of Freethinkers one day in 1873, its growth has developed over a period of over a half century. Actual organization and dedication of the camp-grounds was held on June 15, 1880, and the spiritualist camp meeting lengthened from days to weeks. Fifty years ago—1889—the season's gate receipts were $7,000; this summer they will be between $25,000 to $30,000. The thirty-five cents admission charge remains the same.

The Assembly is organized as a corporation, governed by a board of trustees. Upon the shoulders of the board falls the problem of engaging speakers, outlining the program, managing the lease of concessions, deciding whether to hire a string orchestra or a brass band; whether to appoint a new librarian; whether to select a new name for the camp's weekly newspaper. Acting as chairman of the busy group is Millard Knox, retired business man, of Hermon, N. Y., president of Lily Dale. William E. Hammond, Lily Dale spiriaualist lecturer, is vice-president. Through their hands pass $50,000 annually, money taken in as gate receipts, money gained in "drives," money raised by a lively Ladies' Auxiliary; money to be paid out rapidly for repairs, construction, management, and the elaborate psychic program.

The grounds reflect the prosperity of a flourishing institution. There is something ever crisp, starched, and new about the Lily Dale camp. Cupped in the Chautauqua hills, fifty miles south of Buffalo, ten miles from Lake Erie, the resort is an ideal vacation spot for residents of Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Erie, Cleveland and vicinities.

In addition come ardent spiritualists and curious investigators from every state in the Union, a widely varied group who plan their summer vacations to include a week-end at this psychic mecca. They find a midget city, no rows of tents as the term "camp" might imply. They find a complete town that curves along the shore of a lake. Motor buses purr to a stop at the gate. There is telephone and telegraph service, a post office, grocery stores, candy stores, club houses. Rooms are available in two rambling wooden hotels, and in dozens of neat white cottages that march along the informal streets.

Always of interest to visitors is the Fox cottage, transplanted from Hydesville, N. Y. This modest brown house, the birthplace of modern spiritualism, is a show place of Lily Dale.

Another spot of interest on the camp grounds is the Leolyn Woods. Leaf-carpeted paths lead through a grove of virgin timber to the Inspiration Stump. Here in the depth and quiet of the Woods more mediums have heard their first "voices" than any other location in the world, it is said.

The program of Lily Dale embraces many features other than the auditorium meetings.

There are classes held each morning in the Assembly Hall, conducted by such leaders as Hugh Gordon Burroughs and Doctor R. B. Hout. In these classes the science of spiritualism is studied and discussed, and attention given to the individual unfoldment and development of the twenty to fifty students.

Frank Decker, famous Lily Dale materializing medium.

The summer population of this psychic city more than doubles over the week-end. In fact, Lily Dale officials are worried by this tendency to become a week-end rather than a seasonal vacation spot for hundreds. A far greater number of visitors are pouring through the gates each July and August, but they remain for shorter periods.

Many come specifically to visit a favorite medium, one of the two hundreds mediums who come to Lily Dale for at least part of the season. Among them are P. L. O. A. Keeler, slate writer; William Cartheuser, trumpet medium; Frank Decker, trumpet medium; Matilda Mayer, astrologer; C. A. Burgess, spirit healer; and representatives of practically every other mediumistic classification. Before physical mediums work at Lily Dale they are required to give a test séance for the board, thus eliminating chance of adverse criticism and placing the Assembly's phenomena on a reputable basis.

Mental mediums by far outnumber the physical. They register with the Assembly office, and the list reports such well-known names as Frank Ceney, Frank Casebeer, Ruth Clarke, Alice Rich, Alpha Gabriel, Alma Moser, Sarah Cushing, Mona Berry, Elizabeth Fisher, and Charles Hartshorne.

The mediums at Lily Dale are organized into a Mediums' League, and with the men's Club and Ladies' Auxiliary sponsor the camp's recreational hours.

On Sunday afternoons during midsummer the camp reaches the peak of its short annual existence. Over 5,000 people mill the grounds. The lakeside bathing beach is splashed with striped bathrobes. Rowboats rub their noses together at the shore. Canoes glide through the lily pads of the channel. At the opposite side of the grounds steaks sizzle over the stone fireplaces of a

The Assembly Hall is also the setting for a Wednesday and Saturday night Thought Exchange, led by William E. Hammond. Controversial questions are selected, and verbal sparks often crackle in a series of short extemporaneous talks as: "What is sin?" "Is spiritualism a religion?" "Are guides always right?" 'What is the evidence for and against reincarnation?" It is a "peppy," open forum and the crowd of five hundred spills over into the hall and porch of the Assembly.

There are open-air services twice daily at the Forest Temple. Doctor Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, picturesque ninety-year-old veteran of spiritualism, leads this group in voluntary short talks. Messages are given by local mediums. Local mediums also are active in message services held several times daily at the Inspiration Stump in the Leolyn Woods. Aside from these public services, private circles are always available, and the program contains social activities, even softball games.

Above: **Flo Cottrell, whose psychical mediumship challenges the world, examines the trunk found near the body of a peddler buried in the basement of the Fox cottage, where rappings were heard in 1848.**

★

Right: **The Fox Cottage, which was moved to Lily Dale in 1916.**

newly constructed picnic pavilion. Its rustic benches are filled, and parked cars draw a dark line along the edge of the softball field.

At two o'clock most of the crowd packs into the giant auditorium, whose shutterlike sides are swung open. Some prefer the outside benches in Melrose Park. Here they munch ice cream and popcorn, exchange low-voiced comments with friends, meanwhile keeping a wary eye on the auditorium stage. The open sides, too, are filled with a casual audience, a changing panorama of faces, as wanderers lean on their elbows a moment, listen to snatches of the service, then pass on.

The group they see in the auditorium is one with a definite personality. The typical Lily Dale resident is modern, well-dressed, a little past middle-age. There are the old spiritualists, devout, matter-of-fact followers of their religion. There are the younger spiritualists, eager, but cautious. With them are friends, tolerant, puzzled. Scattered in the crowd are keen-eyed psychology professors, and self-conscious young ladies who wonder what the future holds.

The watchers shift their eyes from the audience to the stage. Perhaps President Knox is introducing Robert Macdonald, tall, young pastor of the Plymouth Spiritualist Church of Rochester. Macdonald is a popular speaker at Lily Dale, and his church is the largest spiritualist church in the country. Typical waves of his talk drift over the filled room and out into Melrose Park.

Maude Kline, internationally known billet reader and National Spiritualist Association missionary.

★

Left: **Ralph G. Pressing and Mrs. Pressing, editors of "The Psychic Observer," a pictorial journal published at Lily Dale.**

"Pioneers! What a splendid word, telling of a new vista for weary eyes, a pleasant prospect of spiritual wealth to be gained! Link, in his *Return to Religion,* sets forth his Soul Clinics where the puzzled and distracted may find a solution to their problems. Rhine's *Frontiers of the Mind* is a provocative title, promising to the ever-eager pioneer a new beginning, a new land yet to be reached, the great era of soul development. Surely this will bring to tired mankind a vision of that distant blue haze, not a return to things of the past, but a realization of the possibilities of the new and the future."

The groups at the windows shift. Two women remember that it is time for their reading appointments. Others take their places.

"Oh, yes, the wheels are turning towards a new land ahead: the promise of the dove and the olive branch. The raging flood of materialism has receded and the first peaks of the Spirit World are before man's vision. First, the promise, now, the fact, that man does not die."

[*Continued on page 51*]

The MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR X

EVERYONE KNOWS many persons possessed of extra-sensory powers beyond the normal, but all of us can count on the fingers of one hand those who can go out of the stage of a theater and take questions from all comers—coal heaver to college president, scullery maid to society queen—and answer them with an accuracy that makes the skeptic suspect trickery of a most subtle kind, or doubt the testimony of his senses. Doctor X is one of those who can. He is one of the most remarkable seers of modern times. The Bakersfield *Californian* says of him:

Because everybody is interested in psychology dished out with mysticism or vice versa, it is not surprising that there trooped to Hotel Padre this week, to see Doctor X, an army of souls which kept him busy from eight o'clock until unconscious!

If you attend a theater where Doctor X appears, write out any question you would like to have answered and take it with you. Keep it in your pocket or your purse. Let no one see it. Sit within the darkened portals of the theater with the question fixed in your mind.

Perhaps you will be disappointed when Doctor X comes on the stage. He wears no robe and turban embellished with the signs of the zodiac and mysterious symbols from the Far East. He is youthful and smiling, and dresses as would any other ordinary American appearing before the public. He has no trappings of mysticism, and no stage props.

Now be prepared for a surprise. Perhaps no one in the entire theater knows you, and no one other than yourself can possibly know what written question you are carrying in your pocket. Doctor X will call your name, announce your question, and give you the answer. You must decide the answer's accuracy. Perhaps only the future can prove that Doctor X was right.

In January, 1939, the Associated Press published the sequel to one of the questions that was answered in a theater. Mrs. George Comstock Dennis, of Fort Morgan, Colorado, was divorced from her husband when her boy, Lloyd, was an infant. Later she married again. When Lloyd was five years of age, Mrs. Dennis consented to her former husband's taking the boy on a short trip. The two disappeared, and the frantic mother was unable to obtain any trace of them.

The strong arm of the law was extended over the land, but Lloyd and his father had dropped out of sight as completely as though they had vanished into the air. For five long years Mrs. Dennis waited, her mother heart torn with uncertainty and grief.

One day she learned that Doctor X would appear in a nearby theater, and would undertake to solve such problems as her own. Doubting that anyone could have such powers, yet with a vague hope that he would help her find her boy, Mrs. Dennis wrote out her question:

"Where is Lloyd Comstock, Jr?"

No one saw this question. No one other than herself knew that she had asked it.

Doctor X came on the stage and answered several questions. Then Mrs. Dennis started up with a wildly beating heart.

"Mrs. George Dennis," the seer said, "you have asked about Lloyd Comstock, Junior. Write to the Juvenile Welfare Bureau of Des Moines, Iowa, and you will receive information about your son."

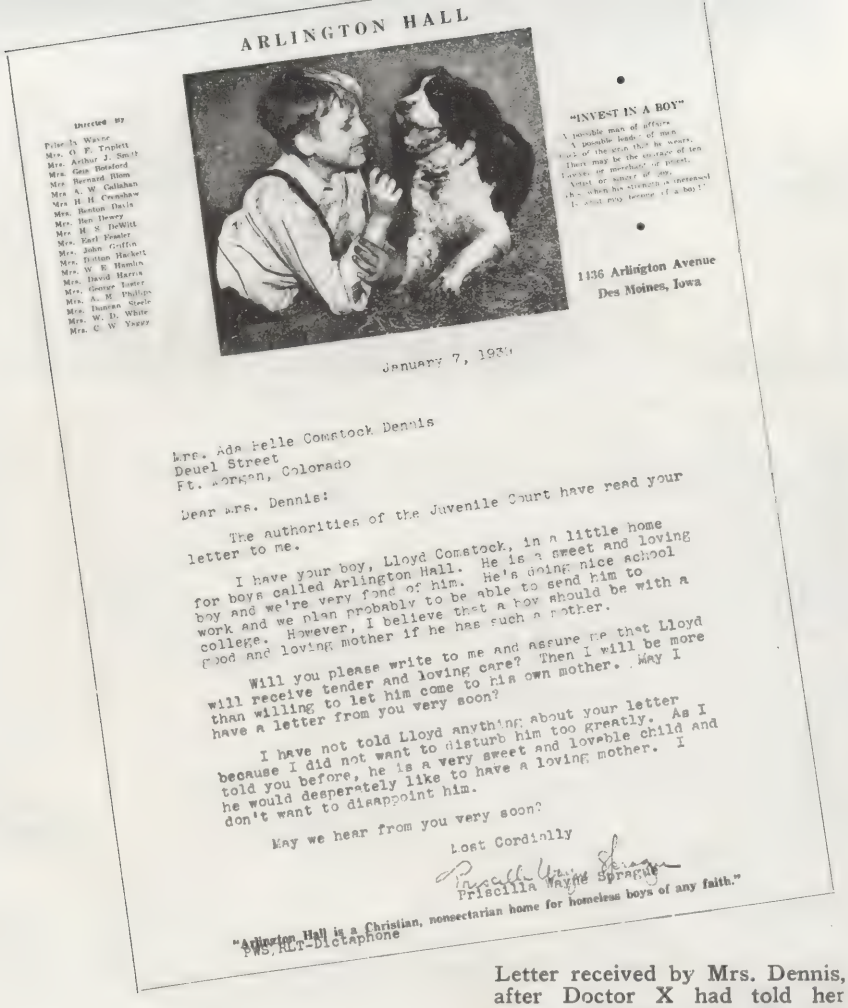
Her son!

How, thought Mrs. Dennis, could Doctor X know that Lloyd Comstock, Jr., was her son? A letter to Des Moines was sent that very day. Within a few days she received an answer from Priscilla Wayne Sprague, of Arlington Hall:

Dear Mrs. Dennis: The authorities of the Juvenile Court have read your letter to me.

I have your boy, Lloyd Comstock, in a little home for boys called Arlington Hall. He is a

W. L. Waddell, the mysterious Doctor X, whose strange psychic power is a challenge to scientific investigation.



ARLINGTON HALL

Directed By

Police Lt. Wayne
Mrs. O. F. Triplett
Mrs. Arthur J. Smith
Mrs. Geo. Beresford
Mrs. Bernard Bloss
Mrs. A. W. Callahan
Mrs. H. H. Crenshaw
Mrs. Benton Davis
Mrs. Burt Deary
Mrs. H. S. DeWitt
Mrs. Earl Fessler
Mrs. John Griffin
Mrs. Dutton Hackett
Mrs. W. E. Hamlin
Mrs. David Harris
Mrs. George Ioster
Mrs. A. M. Phillips
Mrs. Duncan Steele
Mrs. W. E. White
Mrs. C. W. Yeary

"INVEST IN A BOY"

A possible man of affairs
A possible leader of men
Each of the men this boy wears
There may be the governor of ten
Lawyer, or merchant of note
Artist, or singer of song
Who, when his strength is increased
Is about play become (if a boy)

1436 Arlington Avenue
Des Moines, Iowa

January 7, 1935

Mrs. Ada Belle Comstock Dennis
Deuel Street
Ft. Morgan, Colorado

Dear Mrs. Dennis:

The authorities of the Juvenile Court have read your letter to me.

I have your boy, Lloyd Comstock, in a little home for boys called Arlington Hall. He is a sweet and loving boy and we're very fond of him. He's doing nice school work and we plan probably to be able to send him to college. However, I believe that a boy should be with a good and loving mother if he has such a mother.

Will you please write to me and assure me that Lloyd will receive tender and loving care? Then I will be more than willing to let him come to his own mother. May I have a letter from you very soon?

I have not told Lloyd anything about your letter because I did not want to disturb him too greatly. As I told you before, he is a very sweet and lovable child and he would desperately like to have a loving mother. I don't want to disappoint him.

May we hear from you very soon?

Most Cordially

Priscilla Wayne Sprague

PWS, RLT-Dictaphone

"Arlington Hall is a Christian, nonsectarian home for homeless boys of any faith."

Letter received by Mrs. Dennis, after Doctor X had told her where to locate her lost son. Right: Story published by the Associated Press.

sweet and loving boy, and we are very fond of him. He's doing nice school work, and we plan probably to send him to college. However, I believe that a boy should be with a good and loving mother, if he has such a mother.

Will you please write to me and assure me that Lloyd will receive tender and loving care? Then I will be more than willing to let him come to his own mother. May I have a letter from you very soon?

Mrs. Denis satisfied everyone as to the kind of home Lloyd would have and the kind of mother she was, and it was not long before she was notified that her boy was coming to her. The Associated Press published the story with a photograph of the boy dressed in a snowsuit, a heart-warming smile on his ruddy little face. He was carrying a sled and other Christmas treasures. Best of all, he was going to the mother whom he had not seen for five years.

When asked her opinion of Doctor X, Mrs. Dennis answered: 'Never can I thank him enough. He gave me back my boy."

It was after reading the newspaper account of the finding of Lloyd, that I arranged a call upon Doctor X at his apartment in the Aromor in Denver. He was appearing at the famous old Tabor Theater where H. W. Tabor spent a million dollars in imported architecture and furnishings, and substituted his own picture for that of Shakespeare because the latter had never done anything for Denver.

I wanted to ask Doctor X how he does the mysterious things credited to him. My card as a representative of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE was an open sesame, and I succeeded in getting an appointment for that very evening.

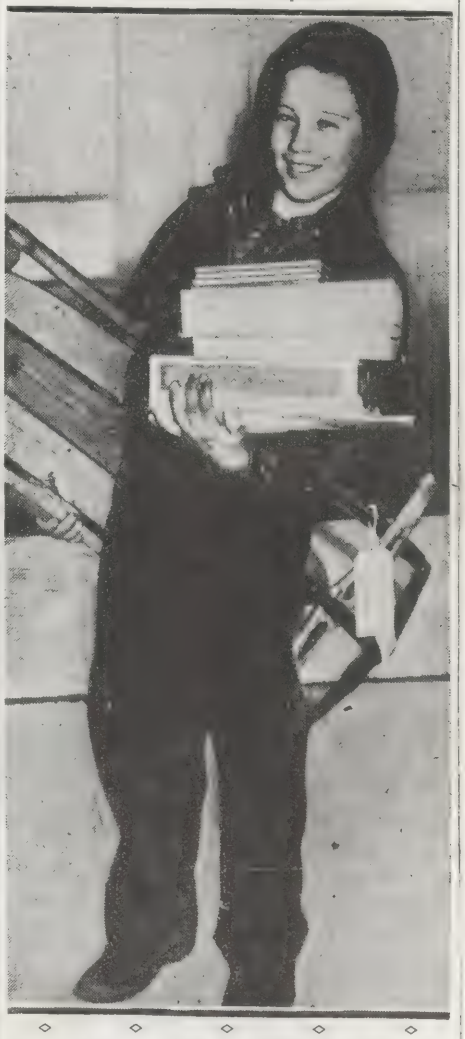
When I met Doctor X, I found there was apparently nothing at all mysterious about him. He greeted me with a hearty handclasp and: "Hello, Walter, are you still investigating psychic phenomena?"

By Walter Stuart

Today's Pictures Today

Five-Year Search of a heart-broken mother for her missing son ended Thursday with the arrival of Lloyd Comstock, 10, at Fort Morgan, Colo., from Omaha, Neb., where his mother, Mrs. Adabell Comstock Dennis, found him in a juvenile home. Lloyd is shown, happy, and bearing an armload of sled and candy, as he boarded a bus in Omaha.

Associated Press Wirephoto



Mother Says Mystic Discovered Her Son

Fort Morgan, Colo., Jan. 19—A fantastic story ended happily in Fort Morgan Thursday morning when 10-year-old Lloyd Comstock stepped off the bus and into the waiting arms of a mother he had not seen for five years and who had given him up for lost.

Mrs. George Comstock Dennis of 919 Deuel street had her first sight of her son since April, 1934, when she gave her divorced husband permission to have him for three weeks.

After more than four years of unsuccessful attempts to locate Lloyd, she finally found him in a juvenile home at Des Moines, Iowa, thru information given her by a mysterious "Doctor X," who appeared at a local theater shortly before Christmas. The lad was placed in the asylum several months ago. The mystic referred the mother to the juvenile-welfare bureau of Des Moines, which immediately contacted County Judge Alfred W. Dulweber of Fort Morgan, investigated the claim of the mother, and arranged the transfer.

A press dispatch from Des Moines Wednesday stated "relatives aided in locating the boy," but the facts concerning the discovery put the tale in a category with ghosts, soothsayers and goblins.

Mrs. Dennis was divorced from Comstock several years ago and had custody of the boy. Five years ago, when the boy was 5 years old, she met her former husband in Chicago and gave him permission to take Lloyd for three weeks. He disappeared with the lad. For more than four years she wrote to relatives and to the father, trying to get the boy. The answers to her letters were evasive and she finally lost all trace of her son.

"Doctor X" appeared at a local theater in December with the familiar performance of reading questions held by persons in the audience.

Mrs. Dennis attended a performance and, believing in the doctor's "power," wrote a question on a scrap of paper and held it in her hand. She was astonished when the mystic said:

"Your question is: 'Where is Lloyd Comstock Jr.?' Come to the hotel after the performance and I will tell you."

MYSTIC LED HER TO SON.

At the hotel she paid the regular fee and the doctor handed her a slip of paper which read: "Write to the juvenile welfare bureau of Des Moines, Iowa, for information about your son."

In less than a week, without the knowledge of Mrs. Dennis, juvenile authorities of Des Moines wrote to Judge Dulweber, investigated the claimant mother and completed legal arrangements.

"Believe me," Mrs. Dennis said Thursday morning, "I, for one, will always believe in Doctor X. He brought my boy back to me."

The Glendive Daily News

VOL. 4, NO. 188 GLENDIVE, MONTANA, TUESDAY, JULY 20, 1937 PHONE 21

DR. X LOCATES THEATRE THIEF

Dr. "X", seer, author and psychologist, who will give performances at the Rose Theatre beginning tomorrow, was instrumental in catching the thief who last night robbed the safe at the Rose Theatre.

Dr. "X" was in the theatre lobby shortly after the robbery last night and when told of the incident, he directed the search "two blocks west in the direction of the other theatre where you will find a man answering the description. An officer will be found nearby," he said.

Directions were followed in the search and just as predicted by Dr. "X", the man was apprehended on the corner at Bert Johnson's Drug Store.

Nothing seems hidden from this astonishing seer, and, through such feats as the above, his fame has become nation-wide.

I recognized him then, for I had met him ten years ago when he was not the big-time attraction that he is today. He was then appearing in a tearoom, and he had more skeptics to contend with than he has now. I was one of them. Fresh from the sacred confines of a large university, I knew nothing about what we now call extra-sensory perception, and considered all such things trickery and imagination, with a slight sprinkling of fortunate guesses. My investigation consisted principally of drinking coffee in the tearoom and listening to the questions and answers.

The "mysterious Doctor X" is W. L. Waddell. His home is wherever he happens to be. He is in Los Angeles and Denver oftener than anywhere else, and either city may be considered as his residence. Nothing amuses him more than people who consider that his work originates in some weird Mephistophelian power, or who believe he is in league with the devil. He discusses his methods frankly.

"Can you tell me exactly how you do these things?" I asked.

"That is a question fired at me about four million times a year," he answered, laughing, "and it is a hard one to answer. The pilot of an airplane cannot tell you exactly how he flies his machine. He can show you, but he can't tell it so that anyone will understand."

"But what is your explanation?"

"All such things belong in the realm of psychology, and today we are just beginning to learn something about the human mind. When a question is asked me, I simply still the conscious mind and wait for a thought to come. I speak or write that thought. Simple enough, isn't it? Many people can do the same thing, and everyone could do it if they would study and practice as much as I have."

It was the same explanation he had given me when I talked with him ten years ago in the old tearoom. Then, as now, I was greatly astonished when I checked the number of actual cases where no trickery or preparation could have been possible. Many of those with whom I talked were people of unquestioned integrity.

One of them was Tom Botterill, a well-known automobile dealer and distributor, of Denver. His problem was somewhat similar to that of Mrs. Dennis'. Mr. Botterill's story concerned his separation from a wife and infant son. For twenty years he had no news of them. He had married again, but often talked of his boy, wondering what had become of him, what kind of a young man he had turned out to be, and if he had been well brought up and educated.

One day Mrs. Botterill was in the tearoom where some friends were submitting questions to Doctor X. Without expecting a correct answer, she asked about Mr. Botterill's son. The answer was: "He will see him within two weeks."

Eight days later, a smiling, fine-appearing young man called at their home. He proved to be the son whom Mr. Botterill had not seen for a score of years.

Another story concerning the psychic ability of Doctor X came from a woman whose name I have forgotten. She had run away from a convent where her parents had placed her.

"They wanted me to become a nun," she said, "but I met a man and fell in love with him."

An elopement followed.

"I was afraid my parents never would forgive me," she went on, "and I merely left a note telling them I was going away with the man I loved."

The parents were not as heartless as she believed, and for two years they searched and advertised for her. It was then that they heard of Doctor X and wrote to him. In his answer he gave the name by marriage of their daughter, and told them where she resided. A check of the city directory followed, letters were exchanged, and the result was a happy reunion.

When I first investigated Doctor X, I was interested in mathematical data, and especially in negative cases. What proportion of the answers were correct? Was this the result of extra-sensory power, or was it fortunate guesses according to the law of probabilities?

The very nature of the work defeats the compilation of such data. Hundreds of answers will be given during a week. Many of them cannot be proved or disproved without a great expense, and often years of waiting are involved.

"Is there oil on my father's farm? Does John really love me? Where is Henry Smith, who disappeared in 1885? Is my husband true to me? When will I die? Will my rich uncle leave me some money? Should I expand my business during the coming year?"

War Will Come in November, Says Doctor X!

Doctor X takes a hodgepodge of questions, and answers them just as they come. He never antagonizes a questioner, no matter how frivolous the question may be, but sometimes a great deal of fun enters into a stage performance.

One small boy asked, "What town will I be in when I die?"

"Why do you want to know?" Doctor X asked.

"Well, if I know what town I'm going to die in, I'll bet that I never go near the place," was the answer.

Since I first met Doctor X he has grown greatly in experience, poise, dignity, and confidence. His wife was present during our conversation and sometimes she answered my questions.

"Do you really believe," I asked, "that such powers as yours can be developed by anyone?"

"They can," Doctor X answered, "and that will become a part of the psychological training in the future."

"When did you learn that you had more than ordinary ability along these lines?"

"Well, I realized it in a vague way when I was a kid. The other boys were always losing caps, sweaters, knives, and other odds and ends, and I had an uncanny ability for finding them. Finally it got so that any kid who lost something would come to me. We would start out together, and usually I could take him to some back alley, empty box car, or vacant lot, where we would find the missing object. I believe I could have made a fortune in marbles and whistles if I had set up as a professional finder. It was during the War that I began to realize that I had extraordinary ability in the psychic realm. I was in the 125th Aero Squadron in France, and it was then I learned I could feel what was going to happen."

"Would you care to give me some specific instances?" I asked.

"No." He hesitated, "I don't believe I would care to go into that."

I understood. With his sensitive nature he wanted to forget the trying time when friends went winging away into the north in the gray dawn, and he knew they would not return.

Doctor X was still in his teens when the War ended. For nearly two years he attended the Colorado State Agricultural College, and then, in a small way, began the career that has taken him to a high place among modern seers.

He originated the radio program where questions were sent in by mail and answered through the microphone. For a time he appeared over KFI in Los Angeles, and later was on KLZ in Denver for a straight run of nearly a year.

Theater managers began booking him for a week or more, and made capital of his ability to prophesy. During the seven-game World Series between Detroit and St. Louis in 1924, Doctor X was appearing at the Paramount Theater in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Most of the baseball fans in the town favored Detroit. Doctor X picked St. Louis, and made his forecast from the stage.

Frank Larson, manager of the theater, posted a bet with the town. If Doctor X were wrong, then the theater was to be thrown open for a free show. If Doctor X were right, then the whole town was to turn out on the last day of his appearance in Idaho Falls.

St. Louis won. The fans of the town were sportsmen, and the theater was packed to the sidewalk at the final appearance of Doctor X, a fitting tribute to his accuracy as a prophet.

Most of the questions he answers are not of a nature suitable for notice by the press, but occasionally an opportunity comes, such as that of restoring Lloyd Comstock to his mother, where the story makes the front page.

In Glendive, Montana, the theater where Doctor X was appearing, was robbed. A man, with hat pulled low over his forehead, entered the ticket office and made his escape with most of the receipts of the evening.

Doctor X was in the lobby when he learned of the stick-up.

"Go right around the corner," he advised the manager, "and two blocks west you will find your man. If you hurry you can get him before he drives away. He has a Chevrolet car."

[*Continued on page 60*]

At theater appearances, Doctor X answers unseen written questions.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

"Imagination — pure imagination!" Thus the skeptics shout at the accounts of actual experiences with those entities known as guardian angels. Yet strange things have happened: people have received wondrous protection in times of greatest need or danger.

HOW DO THESE marvels come about? No materialistic theory quite fits. No so-called scientific dogma reveals what lies behind these occurrences. But let me relate some of them exactly as they were told to me:

"I was visiting some friends in a Western city," writes one woman. "I went out into the suburbs one day to have tea with some new acquaintances. The locality was quite new to me, and I noted with interest the gay yet squalid surroundings of a Mexican quarter through which I had to pass to reach the country home where my young acquaintances awaited me.

"It was about eight o'clock in the evening when I took the street car back to the city. By half past eight it was quite dark, but though I was alone, fear never entered into my calculations as the street car was to take me directly to the house in which I was living.

"At fifteen minutes to nine we reached the beginning of the Mexican quarter—and the car stopped. A great fire blocked the way. Presently, when it became certain that the wait was going to be a long one, the other occupants of the car, two gentlemen, got out of the car and walked away. My watch said half past nine, and I began to be a bit anxious for fear my hostess would be worried at my non-appearance. I finally asked the conductor what the chances were for the car to continue to the city. The conductor was very cheerful when he told me that if the street was not opened within fifteen minutes the car would have to start back to the car barns, where I had entered it.

"My friends had met me at the car barns and brought me back in their motorcar, and so it was impossible for me to return to their home. My only alternative was to return to the home of my hostess who expected me. But how to get through this gay riotous section of the city was the immediate problem. I was young, and the trip through such a section of a strange city terrified me. The motorman was very kind and helped me all he could. He suggested that I remove my watch, a pin I wore, and my rings and slip them in my blouse, out of sight. Then he carefully instructed me as to how to get to the nearest streetcar line. I started out bravely, he watching me very anxiously.

"I took a firm grip on my handbag and walked down the street, which was pitch dark because the fire had put all the street lamps out in this district. But here and there I could see light streaming from open doorways. With each step the section seemed to grow worse and worse. Once or twice I ran past places which looked even more dangerous than the others. The wild laughter ceased as the light from the doorways shone on me. Once or twice I heard the shuffling of chairs and feet as those inside started to the door to peer after me.

"I had gone some distance when suddenly, as I passed a particularly noisy place, a young boy, not more than eighteen, but an American, stepped out of the blackness into the full glare of those lights and calmly took his place beside me. Instantly all fear left me, for I knew by his every action that he had come to protect me. I glanced up at him several times during those five long

blocks of our walk together, but never once did he glance my way. He looked as peacefully at ease as if we were walking in some park rather than in this riotous street. When we reached the lighted streets and the street cars, I turned to thank the young man, but to my amazement he was gone. Though he had been there but a second before, I looked in vain for his slight grey-clad figure. He had vanished as if he had been a wraith or a light suddenly puffed out by the wind."

There are several points in this narrative which are characteristic of all experiences with guardian angels. They always appear in a way which seems perfectly natural to the person they are protecting. There is never anything unusual about their aspect. There is always perfect confidence and utter lack of fear in the attitude of the person being helped. In this particular case the young lady would have been frightened if an older man-form had appeared; the angel's form was thus adjusted to her immediate need.

Another instance of this adjustment is the experience of a young Catholic girl, employed in a town as a servant. One evening she went to visit her parents, who lived a mile or so outside the town on a seldom-used road. As she walked along, she noticed a strange man following her. Immediately alarmed by something in his appearance, she looked about for help, but the road was entirely deserted.

She breathed a prayer to the Virgin Mother for protection—and suddenly noticed two nuns walking just ahead of her. Presently she glanced back. The man had turned around and was walking in the opposite direction. The nuns proceeded just ahead of her and turned in at her father's gate. She quickened her steps, but when she reached the gate, they were not in sight. She hurried into the house to thank them for the great service they had given her. Her father and mother were surprised at her story and insisted they had not seen the nuns.

In this case the helpers took the form which would inspire the greatest confidence in the young Catholic girl. They materialized so fully that the man also saw them. His latent religious instinct was aroused immediately, and whatever sinister plan he may have had in mind was at once abandoned, and he left the scene.

In order to materialize so they could be plainly seen, the guardians had to draw temporarily around their etheric bodies some denser physical matter. Sometimes, however, the opposite is necessary—the spectator must experience an increase in sensitivity of sight to enable him to respond to the wave lengths of the higher ethers, and thus temporarily see what is not normally visible.

This expanded vision and hearing are very common among children up to the age of seven. Many a little child is accused of making up stories and telling untruths, when all the time he is only trying to describe to the unseeing adult some of the beautiful ethereal things he has seen. All such sights are as real to the child as the things we see with our ordinary vision.

Etheric and astral vision are the beginning of the development of the sixth sense, which has always been latent in humanity. In most people only five senses are fully developed, though this sixth sense is gradually becoming more manifest in everyday life.

Each sense has its own special organ through which it functions—the eye for sight, the ear for hearing, the nose for smelling, the tongue for taste, and the sensitive finger tips for feeling. The organ for the sixth sense is the pituitary body, a rudimentary organ located in the brain. It belongs to the evolution of a faculty or sense which is still in its infancy as far as most of humanity is concerned. A few have developed it and are using it to investigate the reality of activities in the etheric world. Eventually all humanity will have six senses, all actively functioning.

The Bishop of London, England, tells of a little girl who spoke to her mother during the confirmation service in his church one Sunday morning. Very softly she whispered, "Do you see them, mother?"

"See what?" asked the mother quietly.

"Why, the angels! There is one on each side of the Bishop."

The Bishop tells of another instance. There was a family of five children—all girls—whose father became ill. He went upstairs to lie down. A little later the youngest little girl went up the stairs to bed. She came running back into the room crying, "Come quickly. There are two angels going upstairs."

The children ran to the stairs, and they all saw the same beautiful sight. Wondering, they stood talking together. Presently they saw the two angels returning. Their father walked between them. Speechless, they waited; then they ran upstairs—and found their father's dead body lying on his bed!

The universal acceptance of the continued activity of guardian angels on this plane as an unquestioned fact may be attributed to the great dutifulness of the children in European and Asiatic countries. This is in remarkable contrast to the lack of it in the average American family. In many foreign countries the child is taught that it must show reverence to its guardian angel by

[*Continued on page 50*]

AN OCCULTIST

By Ann S. Benjamine

EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION—or, as it is popularly called, ESP—won a host of converts last fall when Anna Lange's sweepstake ticket, "Itzie's Rainbow," brought her $500 in prize money. Mrs. Lange lives in El Sereno, California, and strangers still stop her on the streets to ask if it is true that she was given the lucky number in a dream. Here is her own version of the story:

"One night I dreamed of winning a new car at the neighborhood theater. The numbers on my ticket totalled nineteen; I remember it very clearly. In my dream I visited all of our friends in the new car, and was very happy showing it off. It was a beautiful car, but it was painted in peculiar rainbow colors. I had never paid much attention to sweepstakes tickets before, but Mr. Lange used to buy them occasionally. Well, a few weeks after my dream, an opportunity came to me to buy a ticket. In looking over the tickets offered to me, I was quite startled to see that the numbers on one of them totalled nineteen. You know the rest of the story. I probably would not have paid any attention to the number in my dream if I had not known from previous experience that much useful information often comes through dreams."

Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine (above), whose work in the Parapsychology Department at Duke University has attracted nation-wide attention.

Ann S. Benjamine, eminent occultist and author of this article.

Now you know one reason why our class in ESP Experimentation is so popular. I have just returned from leading the sixty-fourth such class conducted under the auspices of the Church of Light of Los Angeles. Each week during this time, approximately thirty earnest students have gathered to study for themselves the activity of the finer senses. Because these senses correspond so closely to those physical, and yet perform their function by other means than normal perception, Dr. J. B. Rhine, Duke University, labeled their activity *Extra-Sensory Perception.*

At the Church of Light we devote a great deal of time to the study of the inner senses because we believe implicitly in the power of the human mind to alter conditions on this plane of endeavor. We believe that this is an effective way to answer the challenging statement made by one of our foremost scientists, who says, *"The human brain has not appreciably increased in effectiveness in the last twenty-five hundred years!"* We are living in an age dedicated to efficiency, but compared with the automobile, or even with one of those new console-type ranges, the brain is only about ten per cent efficient. The problem confronting educators today is how to increase its efficiency. Together with many other investigators, I believe that the constructive development of extra-sensory perception will result in increase of mental capabilities.

There are subtle occult forces which daily affect our lives, and which should be considered in any effort to control our destiny. C. C. Zain, an authority on the occult for the past quarter century, has worked out a ratio of the relative importance of these imponderable

LOOKS AT ESP

Experience in extra-sensory perception — ability to receive knowledge through the senses above the physical — indicate vast possibilities for self-development of clairvoyant and telepathic powers.

forces. By far the most potent of these little-understood influences are our own thoughts. In practical application we are justified in spending no less than fifty per cent of the time allocated to occult study in learning how to direct our own thoughts intelligently. The addition of planetary energy accounts for perhaps twenty-five per cent of the immeasurable influence. Thoughts of others affect our course, if we are average individuals, only twelve and one-half per cent of the time. The remaining percentage of imponderable influence is divided just about equally between the invisible radiations of the physical environment—clothes, gems, climate, work, pets, and so forth—and the effect of entities on the next plane.

My students like to think of this problem as a see-saw. Poised at one end are you and your thoughts; at the opposite are these other factors. So long as the balance is equal, a good game can be had. But if the balance of the weight is off center and toward the other end—that is, if you permit these remaining factors to influence your life more than you control it yourself—you will find yourself "up in the air" all of the time. To the extent you can add a little weight to your end of the teeter-totter, to that extent, instead of being shoved about in obedience to blind forces, you will control the situation.

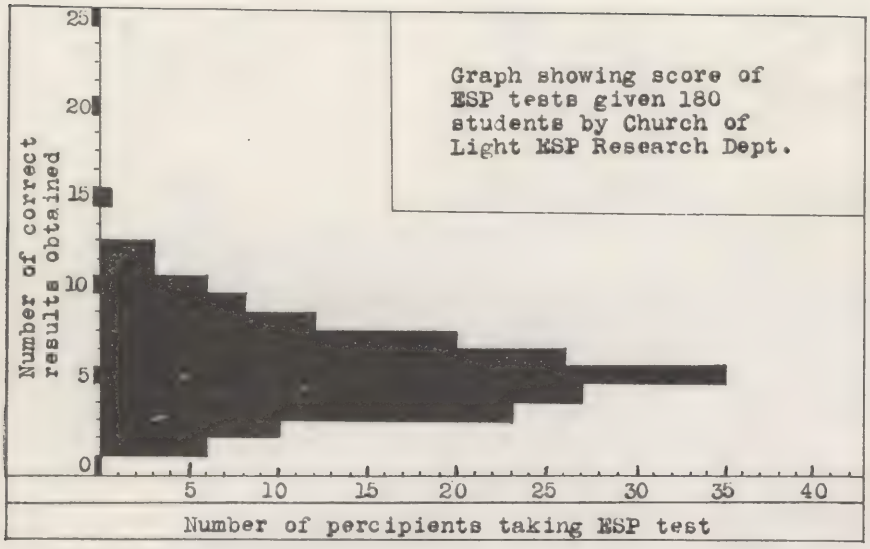
IF YOU ARE a rank materialist, you will wish to go no further. You are interested in only those factors which clearly can be weighed and measured; perhaps you are a little afraid of all others. If you are entirely a mystic, you will be discouraged slightly by the appearance of the graph accompanying this article. You prefer to believe, not to test.

An occultist rejects no facts reported, regardless of their plane of origin, but he insists on tests. Having a much wider field from which to draw information—that is, from both the three-dimensional and four-dimensional realms—than does the material scientist, the occultist is able to construct a more nearly perfect concept of things. The field of the crass materialist is too narrow; that of the uncritical mystic too nebulous. The occultist in his research makes use of reliable methods employed by both the material scientist and the mystic.

In our class work we attempt to follow the methods of occult science. Before anything in the line of research can be accomplished, certain hypotheses must be formulated. But we do not accept these as facts until they have been proved by the most rigid tests. While for the past twenty years the Brotherhood of Light Course on Laws of Mediumship has taught the underlying principles of the positive method of developing the finer qualities, some of the results of our research work on ESP are still too new to be accepted as final. In addition to our headquarters class, there are several other groups in both the United States and Canada who use our methods in the experimental phases of the work. And in these and other countries, there are thousands of isolated students who contribute their experiences to help with the research. Just now a group of us is co-operating with the Boston Society for Psychic Research in the Warcollier Mental Telepathy Experiments.

Before we take up the story of our experiments, let us have a clear understanding of what is meant by those popular initials ESP. According to Webster, "extra" means over or above; beyond the normal limits as "*extra*-territorial" or "*extra*-judiciary." "Sensory" has to do with the senses, of which the five common physical

The five distinctive symbols of the ESP cards.



are touch, sight, hearing, smell, and taste. And "perception," again using the dictionary, is knowledge received through the medium of the senses. Thus we understand ESP as knowledge received through the medium of senses above the physical—senses which operate in the realm of the unconscious mind.

Just as the physical senses have particular names, so have the *extra* senses. Psychometry corresponds to physical touch; clairvoyance—literally, clear sight—corresponds to physical sight; clairaudience to hearing, and so forth. Usually we consider touch as having to do only with the skin, but when light waves *touch* the sensitive portions of the eye, they are interpreted as sight. And when the sound waves *touch* the sensitive portions of the ear, we call it hearing. Likewise with the extra senses. All phases are so closely allied that it is sometimes difficult to determine just which of the senses is being employed.

Scientists are now agreed that electrical currents carry the reports of the physical senses to the brain. These are stimuli received directly from the three-dimensional or physical world. And, likewise, the more powerful thought structures of the unconscious mind impart the energy of their desires to the electrical currents which flow to the brain.

In addition to being the seat of the extra senses, the unconscious mind has control over the intuition and is the storehouse of the soul. It is now common knowledge that anything once experienced is never forgotten. We have psycho-analysis and the vast experiments in hypnosis to thank for this proved fact. Each and every experience of the individual is recorded indelibly in the unconscious mind. The conscious mind is a much later development in evolution, and in concentrating our energies in perfecting it, we have tended to overlook the importance of continuing the development of unconscious mental activity. While the conscious mind commonly holds sway during our waking hours, the numerous and various kinds of psychic phenomena prove that the unconscious mind is usually on the job, too. Extensive investigation shows *we dream all night long,* though our conscious minds are unaware of it, proving activity of the subconscious during sleep.

SO LONG AS we were given both the conscious and unconscious phases of the mind, it seems only logical that we should learn to use each if we want to live most efficiently. Perhaps some of you who read this article are "right hand" piano players. Perhaps others of you use the hunt-and-pick system of typing. In either case you realize how much more effective your performance would be if you could use both hands and all the fingers.

The Brotherhood of Light statistical research on vocations indicates that certain individuals are born with certain latent abilities along some particular line of endeavor. But to be a success in that particular field requires study and training. Dr. Rhine believes he has found that one person in every five has ESP ability. My own experiments apparently indicate that everyone has a certain amount of such ability, and I believe that through persistent application that ability can be increased. Now that science has begun to explore the vast resources of the unconscious mind, there is every reason to believe that the *next* 2500 years will be an era of marked mental progress.

The main objective of the occultist will be ever to experiment with methods by which, with the greatest ease and the least danger, individuals can develop their ESP power to a point where it can be relied upon to furnish them with otherwise inaccessible information; methods by which the hidden executive powers of the mind can best be developed and used to produce greater success, happiness, and spirituality.

Our first experiments—those which the graph illustrates—were in mental telepathy. For these we used the standard ESP cards—five cards each of five separate symbols. I acted as the sender in almost every case, and the students wrote down their impression of the cards as I attempted to transmit them. About four seconds elapsed between each transmission. Our work was done under ordinary light, and we employed the "transition technique," which is explained in the latter half of this discussion, insofar as was possible in class. As you can see, our results were not spectacular, but they were such that we feel definitely encouraged to continue testing with this method.

As a variation of this test for self-development, a student can shuffle the cards and jot down his own results, going through the pack before checking. Various students experimented with the best time for such testing. Investigation has convinced us that the best period is upon first awakening in the morning. Shuffle the cards before retiring; have a pad and pencil within convenient reach; and the last thing before dropping off to sleep,

HAS SCIENCE UNLOCKED THE DOOR TO

charge the unconscious mind to work on the information desired while you are asleep. Perhaps at first you will want to use only the top five or ten cards. Five correct results out of the twenty-five cards, or one out of each five trials is the "chance" average. This mathematical probability has been experimentally verified by thousands and thousands of mechanical device "runs." In such cases the human equation does not enter in. Thus, if you obtain more than one right out of each five trials, you are making encouraging progress. I hope you will be sufficiently interested to try this for a ten-day period yourself. The most important thing to remember is to write your impressions down immediately upon waking, or before the conscious mind has taken control of things for the day.

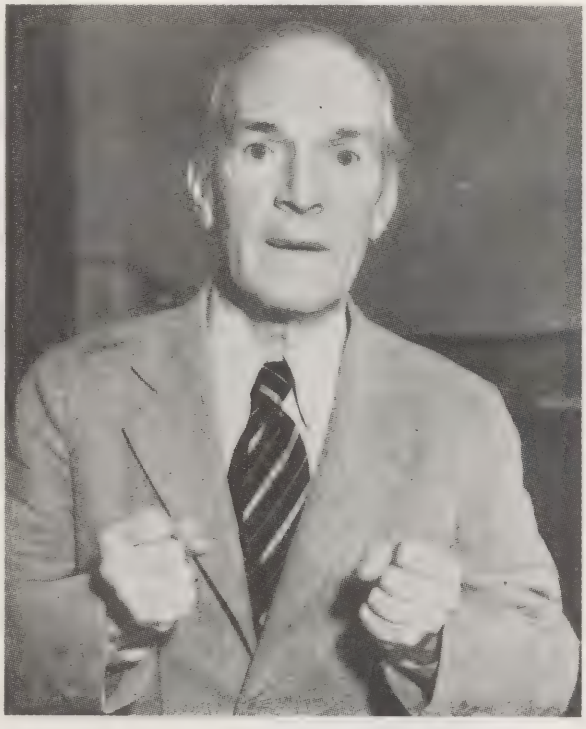
One easily applied test has to do with colors. Use identical, neutral-colored pasteboard boxes. Envelopes will do just as well. There were three colors used in our first experiments: blue, red, and green. Slips of paper of these colors were placed in separate boxes. In each set of three tests, the student had one chance in three of being correct; so one was our "chance" average. I did the transmitting, and thirty-eight students took part in the test. These are the results:

Five students, or $13\frac{3}{19}\%$, made no score, falling below chance. Ten students, or $26\frac{6}{19}\%$, had one color correct; this was the chance-score. But twelve students had two of the colors correct, and eleven had all three correct; making a total of twenty-three students, or $66\frac{1}{19}$, who made better than a chance-score.

There may be some question as to why not all of the twenty-three had perfect scores. Students were urged to put down the color they most strongly sensed; even if the same color occurred twice in the test. Later we made the test harder by using the seven spectrum colors corresponding to each of the seven planets visible to the naked eye. Several students have advanced the theory that the colors they consistently failed to get were the colors corresponding to the weakest planet in their horoscopes. This is an interesting speculation, but we have not yet been able to check enough birth charts with actual ESP color tests to make a statement regarding it.

Like the other test, this can be done by the student working alone, using perception through clairvoyance rather than mind reading. We have worked out many variations of these, but space will not permit a more detailed discussion.

Mediums undoubtedly have their place, and let us have no word of condemnation for them. They deserve our gratitude. Many of them have added to the happiness of the world by bringing comfort to those whose loved ones have passed on, and assurance that there is a life after physical dissolution. They also do their part in the working of cosmic justice. Such a case recently played an important role in the career of the great violinist, Yehudi Menuhin. When the famous violinist, Joseph Joachim, was delighting Nineteenth Century audiences of Europe, the composer Schumann wrote a violin composition for him. Joachim so disliked the piece that he never played it, and when he died he left the request that it never be played until one hundred years after Schumann's death; Schumann died in 1856.



A striking photograph of Upton Sinclair, noted author. He made a thorough study of extra-sensory perception.

A few years ago a woman received a spirit message in Germany which supposedly came from Schumann. The message requested that she see that Menuhin be given an opportunity to pass judgment on the composition. Her promise given, there followed a period of wearisome search before she succeeded in locating Joachim's son, who found the manuscript and sent a photostatic copy to Menuhin in New York.

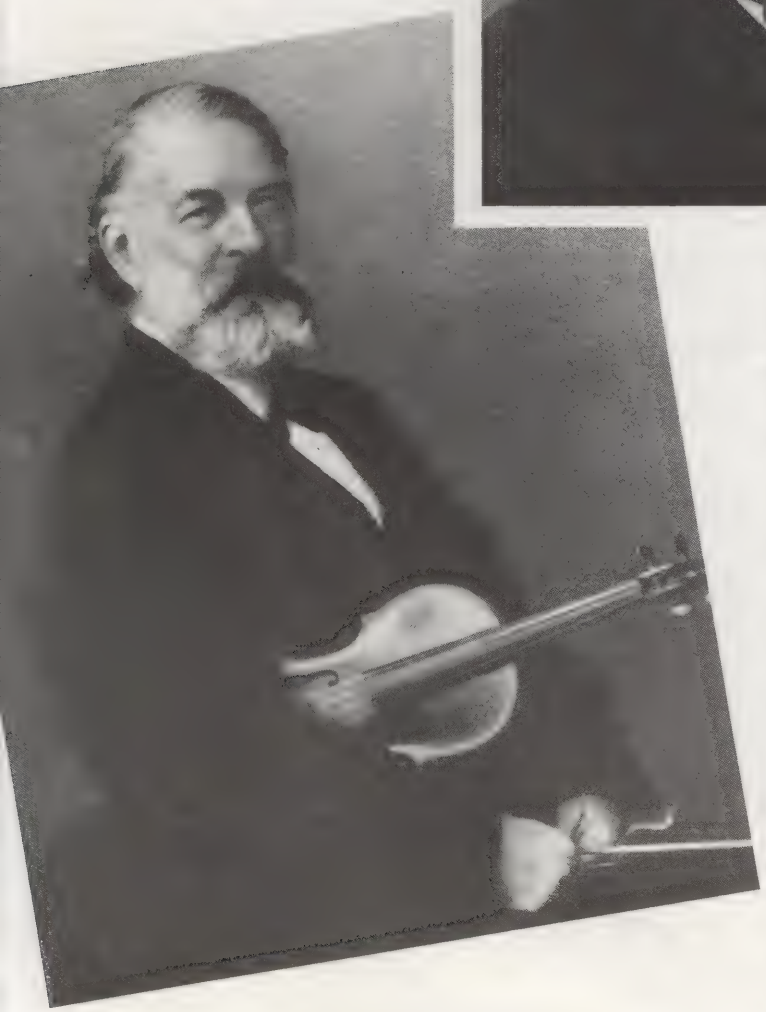
The young virtuoso was much impressed with the composition, and stated that he wished to be the first one to introduce it in America. This he did, making it part of his repertory; and audiences have enthusiastically received it.

THE SECOND method of perception, and perhaps the one most commonly used in ESP, is that of the independent psychic. Here there is no element of control by another, and the objective consciousness may be quite alert. The psychic develops hypersensitivity of certain parts of the nervous system, and this enables him to "tune in" on the astral counterpart of the object or person about which information is desired. This method seems particularly well adapted to permit whatever is seen, heard, tasted, smelled, or felt by the senses of the astral body—or unconscious mind—to impart vibrations to the nerves and brain, and thus gain objective recognition.

HIDDEN POWERS OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS?

The chief and only drawback in cultivating this hypersensitivity is that such cultivation makes it difficult to keep from feeling keenly many disagreeable conditions, not only of the physical, but also of the inner plane. Such cases are much more frequent than is commonly supposed. Where two people are in very close rapport, there often are vivid experiences of this kind. A common example is that of the father-to-be who actually suffers all of the pains of labor while the wife gives birth to the child.

Not so long ago a young mother who had for five days experienced extreme soreness of her gums came to class. She had been unable to sleep from the pain, and had had repeated dental examinations which revealed absolutely no cause for her condition. We learned that her young son was having difficulty in cutting his teeth, and it was suggested that this might be the cause of her trouble. Two days later Junior's tooth came through, and she herself suffered no further discomfort. We all know sensitives who cannot come into a crowd without "picking up" every little pain or ache that anyone else has. This is inconvenient enough when the sensitivity is applied merely to the physical plane, but when the hypersensitivity extends to the inner plane also, there is a constant drain on the emotions that is not conducive to healthful living.



Robert Schumann, nineteenth century composer (above), who wrote a composition for Joseph Joachim (left). The violinist so disliked the piece he left a request it never be played until 100 years after his death.

The third and most satisfactory method of obtaining information from the inner planes is through what we term the "transition technique" of ESP. This is purely a mental process and involves an extension of the consciousness. It does not require the guidance of any outside intelligence, nor does it require the cultivation of a hypersensitive nervous system. It merely makes use of such personal faculties as an individual may possess. And like other faculties, we believe these can be improved through practice. While we know that spirit communion is a fact, we also know that entities on the next plane normally influence our lives only a fraction as much as do our own thoughts. Compatible with our slogan, "Contribute Your Utmost to Universal Welfare," we believe that each individual has a definite work to do. While you inhabit an earthly form, your work is undoubtedly connected with the material plane. But when you have passed to the next higher realm of endeavor, does it not seem entirely logical that your work should be largely there?

IF YOU WERE in one of the lower grades of grammar school, and your brother graduated to high school, you should not feel justified in taking up his study time with your small problems. Perhaps in an emergency, yes, but certainly not in the normal run of events. You would realize that he, too, had his work to do, and that *your* problems should be your own. So it is with those who have gone to the higher realms of endeavor. They may be lonely for a while and attempt to contact those left behind, but if we call them for every trifling thing, we are interfering with the work they have to do There.

In using the transition technique, the student is faced with five major problems: Proper Electrification; Inhibition of Cerebral Thinking; Inner Plane Consciousness; Extension of Conscious to the Information Desired; and Objective Recognition of Information Acquired on the Inner Plane. The ideal to be sought in this is to avoid, so far as possible, both the hypersensitivity of the usual independent psychic, and all forms of external control such as are common to mediumship. The information is brought through from the inner plane by a process closely resembling memory.

The first of the five problems, that of Proper Electrification, is not peculiar to ESP work, but is fundamental to perception of any kind. Any understanding of ESP,

There is laboratory proof that the brain functions through electrical radiation. The cells of the body are miniature batteries. When this potential energy of the inner plane has been subjugated by man, ESP will have become a tool of daily life.

or other psychic phenomena, must rest upon the knowledge that there are two distinct realms of existence, in each of which life-forms function and exercise intelligence, and that the only contact between these two realms of conscious existence is through the utilization of what we term "boundary-line energy," which has, or approximates, the velocity of light. When the boundary-line is crossed, existence acquires the characteristics of the plane to the velocities of which it has now adapted itself. This boundary-line energy is known to be electrical in nature. The cells of the body are miniature batteries, those of the nervous system, especially those of the gray matter of the brain, generating electrical charges of high potential and radiant energy. Yet while all mental activity employs this boundary-line electrical energy generated in the physical cells, each type uses a specific potential that is not well adapted to other types of use.

For mediumship it is necessary that the sympathetic nervous system develop electricity of great volume or amperage, but of very low potential. Reasoning and other types of cerebral operation require that brain cells develop high potential energies, such as habitually exercise control, and these, of course, interfere with mediumship. Mediumship which produces physical phenomena requires the greatest volume and the lowest potential—the most gross vibratory rates being required for materialization.

Many things affect the electrification of the nervous system. The mental attitude has a powerful influence but may not be able to offset various physical conditions. Dr. Rhine, for instance, found that ESP ability decreased under influence of a mental pressure, under the influence of narcotics, fatigue, or illness. In addition, we have found that planetary influence as mapped by progressed aspects in the birth chart, the method of breathing, diet, and other environmental factors have an influence.

In our early experiments—see the graph—an attempt was made to reach the proper state of electrification by means of breath control. Rhythmic breathing should be approached with caution until the effect has been determined. For testing, we found that the regular breath, in which there is an easy swing established through inhalations and exhalations of equal length, to be best. The object sought was a general charging of the whole body with electrical energies which gave a feeling of upliftment. Any tendency of the excess energy to become concentrated in any particular part of the body should be discouraged.

There can be as yet no logical conclusion to our research work in extra-sensory perception. Or if there is, it is not yet in sight. The findings with regard to proper electrification are quite conclusive, but the solution of the other four problems still lies beyond the horizon. It will require months, even years, of painstaking experimentation to solve them all, and we are not at all certain that all can be solved even with the scientific data now at our disposal.

You have read the article, and now you are asking yourselves if you can afford to spend the time necessary to increase your ESP abilities. My opinion is naturally enough a biased one; so I cannot ask you to accept it. You might be interested in reading the *Saturday Evening Post's* write-up of Newspaperman Howard of the Scripps-Howard Press. We were given to understand that Mr. Howard bases most of his important decisions on intuition, preferring to trust the guidance of his unconscious mind rather than the reasoning processes of the conscious. Incidentally, his right decisions net him a yearly income of something over $9,000,000.

No, we do not have statistical proof of the practical value of ESP, but personal testimony is still accepted in any law court of the land. Test it for yourself. You be the judge!

Yehudi Menuhin, young virtuoso, at the time he was interested in Schumann's composition through the efforts of a German medium. She had received a spirit message from Schumann requesting that Menuhin pass on the piece Joachim had rejected.

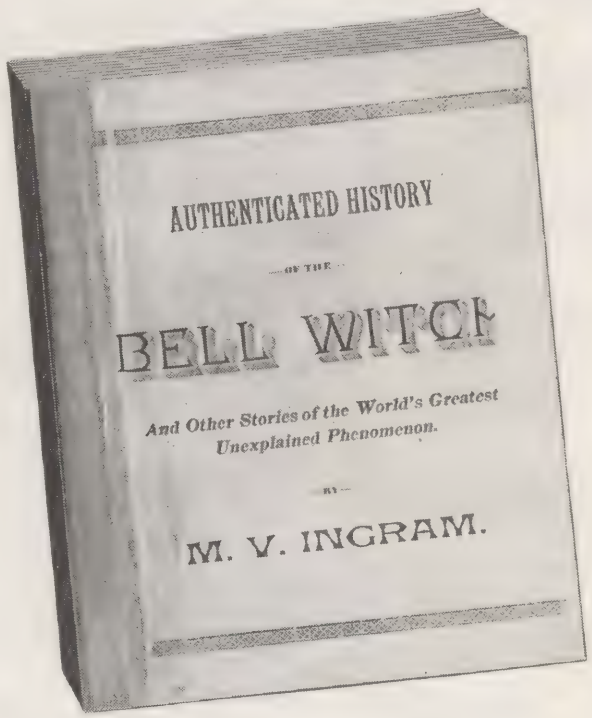
Amazing Haunting of

Scourge of a whole county, the Bell Witch is not forgotten even after more than a century, and in spite of scientific research remains a mystery to this day.

MORE THAN one hundred and thirty years have passed since John Bell and his wife, Lucy, left their comfortable home in Halifax County, North Carolina, and took up the trail for the "Western Empire." By calendar count one hundred and thirty years is a long time, but the fame of John and Lucy Bell still endures; their story is still told. Not because of anything they did. Indeed, it is due to something completely beyond their control; something not of earth; something which, in spite of the prayers of the clergy, endeavors of detectives and research workers, remains a mystery to this day.

It was in 1804 that the slaves of John Bell reined in his wagon train at the west end of Robertson County, Tennessee, near the present situation of Adams Station and about forty miles north of Nashville. Friends of the Bells had already settled in this locality and the newcomers were given a royal welcome.

It was altogether a most delightful spot and, fortunately for John Bell, a partially improved farm was available. One thousand fertile acres on the Red River, a flourishing young orchard, good houses and barns, with a home residence of six large comfortable rooms should have insured happiness for almost anyone, and the Bells were more than happy for twelve years.



Published in 1874, this volume is the only printed record of these strange occurrences in existence.

John and Lucy Bell were married in Halifax County in 1782. It was the need of more room and opportunities for a growing family of sons that brought them west to Tennessee. John Bell wanted his sons to have a chance in life, and he had chosen the new home with this in mind.

It was a community made up of men of irreproachable character. Large families were the rule. Schools had been established and, of course, churches. Although the neighborhood was divided in religious affiliation—Baptist and Methodist—Christian fellowship was the dominating factor.

Commanding in appearance and of fine character, John Bell was soon an influential leader in the neighborhood. Lucy Bell, lovely to look at, sweet-natured, yet gently forceful, was an exemplary mother and served as a model to other matrons. Generous in their hospitality, no stranger ever lacked for welcome at their gates. When the Bells arrived in Tennessee they brought with them a family of seventeen persons. Six children had already been born to them, and a slave, Chloe, a wedding gift to Lucy from her father, had further enhanced her value by bearing eight slave children. In the next twelve years three more children were born to the Bells. They now had seven sons and two daughters, and fortune seemed to smile upon them.

It was in 1817 that the first ripple of trouble came, and at the time it was not recognized as such. One day in that year, John Bell, walking across a field, noticed a strange animal sitting in a corn row. Approaching closer, Mr. Bell realized that it was an animal such as he had never seen before. It gazed directly at him and showed no fear whatsoever. Procuring his gun, John Bell shot at the strange creature, but it scurried away.

Some days later, Drew Bell, one of the sons, saw what he took to be a wild turkey perched on a fence, but when Drew got within aiming distance the bird flapped enormous wings and flew away. Drew saw plainly that it was an unknown fowl of prodigious size.

Several evenings after this, Betsy, the lovely young daughter of the house, was out walking when she was startled at seeing what she described as a little girl dressed in green swinging from the branch of a tree.

While these things were naturally commented upon in passing, they excited no particular apprehension. It was not until some time later that a disturbing element became manifest in the house.

On a Sunday night in May, 1818, after the family had gone to bed, a noise started in one of the boy's bedrooms.

THE BELL WITCH

By Tomaso Cellani

Author of "The Real Faust Came to a Séance," etc.

John Bell and his wife shared a room on the first floor. Elizabeth's room was directly above and the boys slept on the same floor with Elizabeth. At first the noise was attributed to rats gnawing at a bedpost, but a thorough investigation revealed no marks of teeth. As long as the family moved about there was no noise. Instantly they returned to bed, the sounds began again. This time it seemed like the scratching of a dog on the floor. Then coverings began slipping from beds, down over the foot, as if drawn by hands. Occasionally a smacking as of lips could be heard, followed by a gulping, as if someone were choking or strangling.

An old print depicting Elizabeth Bell's first meeting with the spirit—prankishly swinging from a tree branch—in the form of a little girl dressed in green.

Regularly every night, until two and three o'clock in the morning, these sounds continued. Elizabeth was particularly disturbed and molested. Her hair was pulled, and she was frequently slapped and spanked by some invisible force. Peace and happiness was a thing of the past for the Bells, but they endured in silence for well over a year. Publicity was abhorrent to them. They kept their secret because they feared being misunderstood. Then came a day when they could bear no more and a neighbor, James Johnson, was taken into their confidence.

Mr. Johnson offered to sleep at the Bell's and try to solve the trouble. Naturally, the Bells accepted.

A very religious man, Mr. Johnson read at length from the Scriptures and offered up prayers before retiring for the night. Earnestly he prayed that his dear friends be delivered from their scourge and tormentor, but the candles had hardly been extinguished before the noises began.

"In the name of God, what are you?" demanded Mr. Johnson.

The noise ceased for a time but there was no answer.

Deciding that this was a matter wholly beyond his ken, and that the force, or whatever it was, seemed to possess an intelligence that must be supernatural, James Johnson persuaded the Bells to call upon the other neighbors for help. They were only too glad to assist in any way they could.

Question upon question poured upon the unseen malefactor finally resulted in answers. Only rappings, to be sure, but correct answers, nevertheless. The questioning was persisted in with a final reward of whispered replies. The unseen had developed a voice.

"I am a spirit. Once I was very happy, but I have been disturbed," the voice informed.

From that moment the spirit was named the Bell Witch.

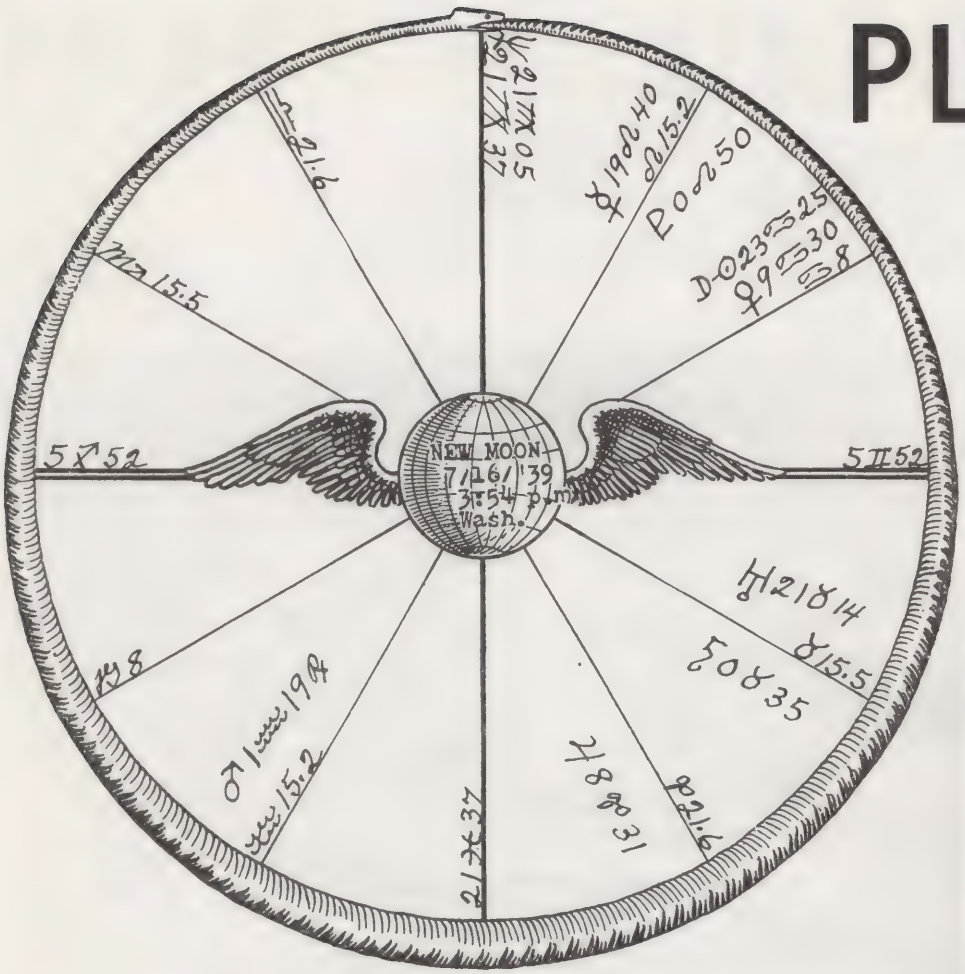
Vocal ability once acquired, the witch talked incessantly. It was as if "it" or "she" reveled in the newfound power. Prophecies followed, and the Bell family were constantly advised what, and what not, to do. Innermost thoughts and secrets of the neighborhood were publicly revealed. No one was immune from the voice of the witch, who in this way became a power for real good in the community. It was no longer necessary to lock doors or safeguard possessions. Everyone was on his best behavior.

John Bell, Jr., when about to take a trip back to North Carolina to help in settling an estate in which his father had an interest, was advised, even urged, not to go. The venture would prove futile and expensive and John, Jr., would return empty-handed. Moreover it was important that John, Jr., stay at home to meet a wealthy young

[*Continued on page 66*]

PLUTO-

Beginning a series of articles, Dr. Benjamine forecasts approaching events for July. Watch your newspapers for verification.



The astrological outlook as indicated by the new moon as of July 16, 3:54 p. m., Washington, D. C. Right: **Dr. Elbert Benjamine.**

NOT ONLY INDIVIDUALS, but groups of men respond to the invisible energies radiated by the planets. Individuals or groups which respond with alacrity to the vibrations of a particular planet are said to be ruled by it. And it can be predicted with considerable certainty that when the planet ruling them is unusually prominent, the individuals or groups ruled by it will become more than normally active. And within certain limits, the aspects of this prominent planet to other planets, by indicating the harmony or discord of the energy thus set in motion will also show the general trend of the action they will take.

Today we have reached a place in history when the most powerful planetary influence comes from the recently discovered Pluto. Observation indicates that Pluto has an upper and a lower influence, tending on the one hand toward co-operation and spirituality, and on the other toward coercion and dictatorship.

Next most prominent influence in the sky at this time is that of the other two upper-octave planets, Uranus and Neptune, which are within orb of a trine aspect to each other commencing in 1938 and remaining so for seven years. Neptune rules chaotic conditions, involuntary servitude, socialism, and utopian ideals. Uranus rules race and class dissension, democratic forms of government, agitation, and unexpected happenings.

Now when one of these three upper-octave planets makes an aspect in its cycle, this prominence brings into greater activity the things which it rules. Thus last November 2nd, Neptune in its cycle made the square aspect of Uranus, stirring up great agitation throughout the world over the treatment of the Jews in Germany. The situation which arose over what was to become of the German Jews was extremely chaotic. And when, on November 22nd, Uranus in its cycle came to the sextile of Pluto, planet of dictators, the democracies, ruled by Uranus, began vigorously to prepare to resist further totalitarian aggression.

Then in the present year these two aspects were repeated. On the square of Neptune in its cycle to Uranus, which was perfect February 19th, not only were Jews conscripted for labor in Germany, but Italy commenced to legislate against them. And as the question of race (Uranus) had been involved, still further chaos (Neptune) was the result.

These heavier planets move so slowly that they remain within the one degree of the perfect aspect, during which their influence is pronouncedly felt over a period of weeks. Uranus once more in its cycle reached the perfect opportunity (sextile) aspect of Pluto on March 22nd. And conditions arose, or were made to arise, which on March 15th permitted the dictator, Hitler, to resume

Dictator of the Planets

By Elbert Benjamine

President of the Church of Light

his march of territorial expansion toward the Black Sea. The Balkan states are important to Hitler for their natural resources—iron, coal, and oil—and they are also important to him politically. They stand as the last barrier between him and the coveted Ukraine of Russia, and the taking over of the republic of Czechoslovakia (Uranus influence) was but one step in this direction.

Throughout the spring months each New Moon fell in close aspect to the "dictator planet," Pluto, giving it and the totalitarian powers it rules unusual significance in politics and world affairs. And at the commencement of the astronomical year on March 21st, the Sun Cycle showed Mars, the planet of war and strife, in close square to both Sun and Moon, and in inconjunct aspect to Pluto. Thus was indicated that the year as a whole would witness wars and conflict. The prominence of Uranus in the Sun Cycle chart caused this to be called the year of agitation. All of which is a necessary prelude to an understanding of the conditions in the United States and throughout the world during the month of July.

Mars, planet of war, right after the middle of May, moved to the opposition of Pluto. This influence in the sky is such as to impel the dictators, ruled by Pluto, to feel the aggressiveness and yearning for war, which is the common influence of Mars.

Now in the ordinary trend of planetary influence, Mars soon would have moved beyond the orb of its aspect to Pluto. But in this instance the earth was so located in reference to the planet of war that Mars appeared to move slowly and soon turned retrograde. Thus the New Moon chart of June shows the aspect only a little over four degrees from perfect, and the New Moon chart of July shows Mars in opposition to Pluto less than but half a degree from perfect. Thus can it be foreknown that all during the summer and fall—for the aspect remains close until in October—the dictators will be militant and press forward aggressively to attain their political and territorial objectives.

The period from June 17th until July 16th is governed more specifically by the New Moon chart of June 17th. This is a particularly pernicious chart in that the opposition of Mars and Pluto is aggravated by a T square from greedy Saturn. In the chart as erected for the United States, Uranus, the planet of agitation, is the ruler of foreign powers (seventh) and is in the house of the Administration. The indications are thus, first, that disturbances abroad will be of great concern to the United States, and that there will be much agitation due to the attitude of the Administration toward them, and second, that the Administration will take unusual steps relative to business and financial matters.

The opposition of Mars and Pluto here is from the house of labor (sixth) to the house of relief (twelfth), revealing strife and drastic conditions arising from labor controversies and from relief needs. And the T square of Saturn ties in from the house of the Navy. Difficulties will arise over the rearmament plan, there will be disasters at sea, and many traffic accidents. But as Jupiter, the planet of abundance, also is in the house of the Navy (ninth), there is assurance that rearmament will not abate.

In spite of labor conflicts and espionage plots, business conditions will show a steady though slow upswing, chiefly through efforts taken by the government to make money flow more easily.

Abroad the situation appears very grave. In Europe Pluto, the dictator, is in the house of government (tenth), in close opposition to Mars in the house of territories (fourth). This means strife and violence over territorial disputes. And as greedy Saturn joins in with a T square from the house of war (seventh), the totalitarian powers will show no hesitation to turn loose a barrage of death if their demands are denied.

The period from July 16th to August 14th is governed more specifically by the New Moon chart here illustrated, which is erected for July 16th, 1939, 3:54 p. m. LMT, Washington.

This chart in our country shows great strife over financial matters, especially over methods of raising revenue. And it indicates, by Neptune, the planet of schemes, on the place of business (tenth), in trine to Uranus in the house of labor (sixth), some unusual plan advocated by the Administration to help both business and labor. As Neptune rules aviation, the prominence of this planet in the chart signifies exceptional interest in flying, and many unusual events relating to it.

Where Europe and its long strife are concerned, the New Moon chart shows Russia particularly afflicted. Mars is in her house of government in opposition to Pluto in the house of territories. The tendency will be for her to become embroiled with her neighbors. Japan is shown beset with difficulties, as, at Tokyo, Saturn, still a member of the warlike T square, is right on the place of government. Thus there will be important and disturbing events in the Far East.

Financial conditions in the United States will not be so favorable after the middle of July. Especially stocks, bonds and holding companies will feel the depressive hand of Saturn in the house (fifth) which rules them.

The first part of July is especially marked by Uranus and its cycle making the semi-square of Jupiter, the financial planet, in the house of the people (first). New plans will be put afoot, which it is hoped will increase the public buying power, and there will be endless controversy and agitation over them.

[*Continued on page 61*]

BLACK LUISA —

In enigmatic Haiti, where voodooism and Christianity are curiously intermingled, an intelligence officer of the Marine Corps looks deep into the eyes of Dominican woman and discovers a strange psychic power which twists the threads of his destiny and saves his life.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN interested in the weird, the eldritch, the *outre,* the occult, but it was not until I first looked into the eyes of Luisa that I knew why. I looked into her eyes and saw a strange *recognition.* It startled me, even dismayed me, for she was as black as the ace of spades. I'd seen recognition in the eyes of women of my own race—what man hasn't?—but it was only the usual recognition which one sex automatically accords another. A man and woman never exchange glances without thinking, subconsciously perhaps, "I'm a man, and you're a woman," or *vice versa.* This wasn't that sort of recognition. For though I had never talked with Luisa, I knew all about her. She seemed to have no morals whatever. But she was the most courageous woman I ever knew: she feared nothing, neither hell nor heaven. In time she came to love me as no other human being has, save perhaps one—and he, too, was black. I grew to love Luisa, in my turn. Luisa was an experience few persons are privileged to share.

But don't misunderstand me. When I mention this mutual love, it is like nothing you ever heard of. Luisa was a Dominican woman whose forebears, by the deep color of her, had plainly been Haitians—and back of that, Congoese. I was intelligence officer, Marine Corps, for the Second Marine Brigade. I was sitting in a car when the *recognition* came. Luisa, who knew what it meant, walked across to me. Her English was atrocious and her Spanish was worse. She seemed to know only the worst words in both languages. Those eyes of hers got me.

"You *official de intelligencia,* by damn!" she said.

I've cleaned it up a little, having no desire to make an angel of Luisa, which she would resent first if she were still alive to do so—if she hadn't died. That day she came to my car and spoke: "But you never get anywhere with my people without Luisa's help. Hire me an' I show you."

"I've no place for a woman on my staff," I snapped at her.

She grinned with delight. Her teeth were white as snow.

"You got scare of me, hey? You catch 'fraid I get you?"

She didn't say it exactly like that, either. I couldn't take a challenge, being very young, so I hired her. I saved my life by doing so, caused her the loss of hers. For she began to watch over me—and not only over me, but over my wife and children. She told me that if I believed her, trusted her, and played squarely with her, I would live to a ripe old age, and die in bed of natural causes, in my sleep. At eighty-seven, she said. She even gave the date, but I hate to mention it. Oddly enough, six years later, a Hindu in Shanghai told me I would die in bed at the age of eighty-seven, and a month after that, another Hindu in Tientsin told me the same identical thing.

My Mystic Protectress

By Arthur J. Burks

Arthur J. Burks, well-known author, describes in this article some of his astounding experiences while an officer of the Marine Corps in Haiti.

NOW, MY WORK, in which I used Luisa as a go-between, was to guard the lives of Dominican presidential candidates without their knowledge, prevent contraband arms entering the Dominican Republic, so that no uprising would prevent the evacuation of that republic by the marines. My work led me into trackless jungles. It turned me into a black man, into a German, into anything that Luisa thought would work as a disguise. And almost everything succeeded. Once, far from my usual haunts, I was captured by contrabandists, and was to be cut up and thrown to the sharks. Luisa couldn't possibly know where I was. Yet right at the crucial moment, Luisa, with her baby son over her arm, appeared among the San Croix, Saint Kitts, Jamaican and Haitian blacks, and gave them the worst tongue-lashing I have ever heard, in Marine Corpese, Spanish and Haitian. She scared the living daylights out of them. I heard every word she said, and when the storm was over, I went to her to thank her. She had withdrawn into the jungle after her outburst, and I could not find her. Two days later, in Santo Domingo City, I got a chance to thank her. Her husband looked all-fired queer, though Luisa accepted the thanks with a grin. Later the husband asked me if I was crazy, as Luisa hadn't been out of the house for three days; she had been waiting there, he said, because she was afraid I'd need her and she wouldn't be on hand!

Need I tell you that her belief in Jumbee, zombies, the Kukura, and Voodoo was all-encompassing? I wouldn't say, even then, that I thought she and her husband had put up a job on me. I'd heard old-time Marine officers talk of the queer powers of Voodoo devotees, and I wasn't taking any chances. I prodded her husband. What did he mean about being crazy?

"She crazy, too," he said. "All this intelligence stuff she do for you. W'y, two day ago she look like she not even here. She stand up, with Enrique (that was her son) under her arm, and she cuss somebody out terrible. Only, they noboby there but me, and she on'y look at th' blank wall."

"When," I asked, "did you say this was?"

All right, hold your hat, and believe it or not, as you like. She'd had that outburst at the same time she had saved me from those black contrabandists! If I stopped here, it wouldn't mean anything, but this is only the start. Sometime later, in the deep of a tropic midnight, I was walking along a jungle trail, over which the trees met thickly. I couldn't see anything at all. I was hunting a black murderer who had sent me a dare to meet him in this place. I smelled him first. He stepped out from behind a tree. I whirled, jammed my gat into his abdomen. I knew he had a machete ready to bring across my neck. That had happened to one white man, and we'd never found his head! Before he could cut me, or I could shoot, he began to chatter for mercy. It gave me a chill.

"Who dat woman with you, *Teniente?*" he asked. "I say I no be here if you bring anybody."

"What woman?" I asked. He described Luisa, and insisted that she was right behind me, with her baby in her arms. Of course, that could have been coincidence, too. Luisa didn't say, one way or the other, except that I knew, without asking, that I was alone on the trail with a murderer! And when I whirled to look for her, he ran screaming into the woods. A week later he came in and surrendered to the authorities—*because the woman was chasing him!*

Oh, there's more. She came to my cot in the Hotel Borinquen Sanchez, one night, and warned me that natives were onto me, and I'd have to get going. I slipped from the cot, out into the hallway, but she wasn't there, hadn't been there. I came back to my room and looked in, just as a naked black man cut through my mosquito netting, my pillow and my mattress, with a machete!

And she was always explaining these things to me, trying to make a Voodoo believer of me. I didn't laugh at her, but I shook my head.

"Some day," she said, "before you go back to States an' forget Luisa, I want you to drink black medicine. Then you always protected against trubbe." Trouble was always "trubbe" to her. I asked her what "black medicine" was, and she looked mysterious. I gathered that it was a secret brew that had a lot of things in it I couldn't possibly like. "We no make it here, but in Haiti . . . " Her voice trailed off.

As my tour of duty in Santo Domingo approached its end, Luisa became more and more insistent. We'd never see each other again, she said, which made her terribly sad, as it did me. I knew I would never forget, always miss her. But I wouldn't listen to any Voodoo ceremony, even for a jest. All the things that had happened to me, which seemed strange, were merely coincidental. The bunk—though I hasten to add that I never said so, and don't say so now. Maybe some people would accuse me of being superstitious, but this I know: black folk know things we don't. What those things are, I'll probably never know, nor any white person. My experience may not be Voodoo at all, but it probably is, at that. And I'll go further with it.

When I was ready to leave for the States, via Dajabon Ounaminthe, Cap Hatien and Port-Au-Prince—I was to catch a boat through the Canal at the last-named place—Luisa had been so insistent that I decided to duck out on her without the formality of saying goodbye. I was in my house, with my family waiting in the car, telephoning headquarters to come and remove their equipment when Luisa came barging in, with tears like rain on her cheeks. I looked at her as I talked. She leaned across the telephone and kissed me. I have never seen any reason to be ashamed of it. Then she was gone. I went out, and she was afar off, sitting in a *coche,* watching. I knew she was still crying. I felt like doing it myself. I gave the word to the chauffeur to start. My car was a Cadillac, and it traveled fast, and since it was really the general's car, everything on the road made way for me.

I arrived Dajabon, and there was Luisa, sitting afar off in a *coche,* talking to a small group of black men! They were from across the Rio Massacre, in Ounaminthe, Haiti. I barked at my driver to get going. I didn't look toward Luisa again. If she waved, or if she were still crying—or even if she were actually there—I didn't know.

But the queerest thing happened when we started along the dusty road to Cap Hatien. As everyone knows who knows Haiti, the roads are always alive with natives. They gave over grudgingly as our horn sounded. Some of the black men looked up, and some of the women—and I began to get the shivers.

For in every lackluster pair of eyes I saw *recognition!* Of what, in the name of God? I didn't know. Only that I saw—*recognition!*

We spent the night in Cap Hatien. Next day, as we sped through Gonaives, a small black boy ran across the road. We hit him with our bumper and knocked him into a cocked hat. We stopped and I went back. You could put the edge of your hand into the hole in his skull! The blacks gathered around, screaming. The mother of the boy fainted, after throwing a fit. There was trouble ahead. Oh, the kid wasn't dead, he was simply sucking his thumb and bleeding—and I swore to myself I could see his brains in that hole.

The tallest Haitian came and stood truculently in front of me. He had his hand on a machete. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know a single word of the Haitian-French *patois.* Our eyes met. . . .

The big black man stepped back, muttering something, bowing and scraping, and the rest of the Haitians melted away like magic. Not understanding, even yet, I told the driver, who spoke the *patois,* to find out the name of the injured boy and his parents, so I could make a report in Port-au-Prince. And my heart was in my boots. Even if the boy did not die, I was in for something, court-martial probably. The driver was at fault, but he was an enlisted man. I was an officer; I was responsible—and if the boy died. . . .

I made my report. A fast car was sent out to investigate, to stave off any possible suit involving the United States government. The investigators came back with the word that the boy was well! Now, I never did believe that, nor even that they saw the boy we had hit—but what was the result? The result was that I got into no trouble, that the way home for me and mine was miraculously smoothed out.

Give it some thought, before you sneer at the beliefs of other people. All right, I had seven days in Port-au-

A scene of pastoral calm, the winding palm-tree-bordered roads seem far removed from Voodoo arts and black magic. But the beat of the tom-toms echoes through the jungle.

Prince before my boat was due. I liked Haiti, knew much about it. I had been in command of a prison in Barahona in which Haitian violators of the immigration laws were kept. I'd had "Voodoo" prisoners before I met Luisa, and they had fascinated me. Now here, in Haiti, I might find out more about it, and thus have some idea what it must be like in the Congo before Catholicism took charge.

Now and again I saw *recognition,* but ignored it. I didn't want any attention from anybody. But one night—my wife always had patience with me when I was on a trail—I was walking back to the American Hotel through the Champs de Mars, when I saw a great many balls of light, far away to the east, against the sides of the mountains, which I took to be the Baiae Terrible (turibe). Those lights got me going, and I fancied I could hear, also, the far throbbing of tom-toms. I stood under a big tree, watched the lights, strained my ears for the drums. It was then that I caught the odor of Haitian, close to me, and of burning *anduga* — native smoking tobacco that burns the white tongue like lye. I turned, and standing almost against me was a big Haitian, with the biggest bare feet I had ever seen. He just looked at me, with *recognition* in his eyes. I was flustered, for it struck me then, as he had struck me ever since I had entered Haiti, that Luisa was closer to me in spirit than she ever had been in the flesh.

In the savage ritualism of voodoo worship, the symbols of both Christianity and paganism play a part.

No use speaking English to a Haitian, I thought, even in Port-Au-Prince. I knew no *patois*, as I have said, so, on a hunch, I tried out my very bad Spanish.

"What are those lights out there?" I asked him. Slowly, never changing expression or averting his eyes from mine, he took his red clay pipe from his mouth and answered.

"Out there," he said, "my people make *black medicine!*"

From the moment I smelled the anduga, I had the feeling that I was being carried, guided, and my next words were not really my own.

"I'd like to go," I said.

"Yes," he replied, putting the pipe back in his mouth. "I know. I am here to take you, *though you would have no trouble finding your way!*"

I didn't wait to tell my wife where I was going or how long I'd be gone. She knew all about Luisa, and I think she believed absolutely in the efficacy of Luisa's "protection." Once, and just once, I had asked her if she worried when I was alone in the jungle, and she had answered, *"Not while Luisa is alive and likes you!"*

The Haitian, who told me that it didn't matter but his name was Adan Tebo, led the way. We were soon out of the city, heading east. I paid little attention to where I was going. I kept my eyes on those far lights, toward which we walked swiftly, and pondered the meaning of it all. That Luisa was behind even this, I felt sure. That I was going to have the protection "black medicine" could give me, in spite of my refusal to imbibe it with Luisa, seemed certain.

We walked for hours that didn't seem long. We broke into a clearing where many Haitians sat around a great fire. I knew that other natives sat around other fires, all through the Baiae Terrible. I knew, too, when I saw the natives in action, that I was walking into a forbidden Voodoo ceremony. It was going on all over Haiti tonight, which explained the many lights. No white man was supposed to see it. *But I wasn't a white man—not in the eyes of Luisa's people,* and they didn't even look surprised to see me.

I won't go into details about this ritual. It was danced by Congo blacks thousands of years before Thebes was the City of a Hundred Gates. It is danced on occasion by Russian kulaks. It is danced every year in India. It is a dance-prayer for fruitfulness, and it is danced to the mad music of tom-toms that gets right into the human skull and crawls around like worms. You couldn't see the dance and listen to the drums—and drink from the gourd that was passed around!—without realizing that it called to you from down the centuries, back to a time when your own forebears performed the ceremony. *The mystic brew was black as midnight.* It reflected the fire as if it had been agate. I could taste clarine, white rum, and something else that reminded me of times when I had accidentally bitten my own tongue or lips. . . .

Let a veil be drawn, to withhold from general view a ceremony whose details belong only to the initiate. . . .

I went back through the jungle alone, just before sunrise. I went into the hotel, feeling that there was something distinctly *other* about me. That feeling has never left me; I think it never will.

Now, explain all this if you can, even to the extent of saying that I lie—I won't mind—but there are things I'd like to know, but never will. My wife had no fear

The entrance to a native temple where voodoo worshipers congregate for celebration of pagan rites that are a legacy of African fetishism.

for my safety, *while Luisa was alive!* Luisa had been insistent that I drink "black medicine," and I was sure she had managed to enforce her will. I drank it that night with Luisa as surely as though she had been there, opposite me in the weaving black lines of Haitians.

Next morning, late, as I went down to the docks, across the Champs de Mars, I saw Adan Tebo again. He was waiting for me, where he had contacted me last night. I noted that he was in rags, as he must have been last night. The seat of his pants was a white flour sack, across which remained the words "Armour's Flour," or some such name, and he was smoking his evil pipe again.

I stopped. "Well, Adan Tebo?"

"She go make die last night," he said.

"She?"—though I did not really need to ask.

"Yes, they kill her, because she belong friend to you."

How had he got the message, across and through two hundred miles of jungles? I did not get it until two weeks later, when I received a letter, in San Diego, from a Dominican boy who had been one of my agents, telling me that Luisa was dead, that she had been murdered by party or parties unknown—*after I had drunk of the black medicine!* So her "protection" passed from me, but not until I had taken on the greater "protection" she had insisted on.

Many things have happened to me since that time. I have had narrow escapes from mortal accidents. Luisa? I think so. I have known many black people, here in the States, and sooner or later I see that *recognition* in their eyes. . . .

Why is it that when my future seems the blackest, and there is no way to turn, something always happens to chase the clouds away? Why, so often, is it utterly unexpected, or would be if I hadn't got into the habit of expecting it? I'm a writer. I lost all my markets on a single day some years ago, and that same day a brand new market offered to buy, sight unseen, everything the others had rejected. Was this Luisa again, who could not even read? I don't know. But this I do know: the editor who made the offer, who had never met me, had been reared by a black mammy in the south, by one who had dunked herself thoroughly in . . . whatever it was and is that black folks know.

SOMETIMES I HAVE the blues, and strange things happen. Sometimes it is a letter in bad Spanish, from someone in Santo Domingo I never knew. Recently it was a letter from a Dominican woman who lives in Harlem. She got my address from a magazine for which I had written a story of Santo Domingo—a story of weird and eerie things. This woman had a grand Dominican name, of a family that would not have received me in its home when I had been a Marine. But there was something in the letter, not in the words, or the individual letters, or the paper, which was *recognition.* I answered, got an answer back. I *knew* then, though I have made no attempt to meet the lady. Why?

To her mind, her family is white. I know, knowing my Santo Domingo, that there is a black strain in it. There has to be. There have been too many Haitians, through too many generations, on Dominican soil. Oh, the woman may be white, whiter even than I am, but deep down inside her is a little of something from Luisa, from Adan Tebo, and from those people who danced about a bonfire with me, years ago. And something in my story made her write. I know that because her family would be horrified—or pretend to be—if the family knew she had written to a stranger.

Do you wonder that I got a little shock when I saw the name signed to both her letters? Oh, there are plenty of Luisas in Santo Domingo, but they don't write to me. She did—and Luisa was, and is, her name. But why did part of it—for it was long—have to be Adan?

Why did she start her first letter by accusing me of writing of a country I had never visited and of discussing matters that were not true? And why, when I wrote four pages back, did she change her mind about me? *She* couldn't say why, if anybody asked her. But I can. Consciously, she does not know. Deep within her, where runs the blood of ebon ancestors, she *knows* . . . but does not know that she knows.

I have not gone to see her. I have deferred the day, gloating over the knowledge that I am still "protected," anticipating that when we do meet, she may be a hag of ninety, or a very young girl, or any age at all, may be black, brown, white or piebald—but in a matter of seconds after we have met, there will be *recognition* in her eyes for me!

A Vaudevillian Knocks at a Spirit Door

SOME YEARS BACK, when vaudeville was in its heyday, managers could count on four men to fill every seat at every performance. Performances were sold out weeks in advance. These four —magicians all of more than national reputation—Charles Carter, Howard Thurston, Harry Houdini, and Harry Blackstone, were fast friends. They missed no opportunity of getting together for friendly discussion of the secrets of their profession. Frequently these discussions went beyond stage mystery and embraced, as Thurston said, "Many remarkable phenomena that may be classed as unexplainable."

Of this quartet, three have passed into the Great Beyond. Only Blackstone survives. It remains for him to carry out a secret pact they pledged themselves to: the survivor must make every effort to communicate with his departed friends. It was agreed among them that a padlock be used to designate Houdini; a playing card—the King of Clubs—for Thurston; a tapping hand for Carter. These articles had been chosen as they were representative of the particular stage specialty of these three magicians.

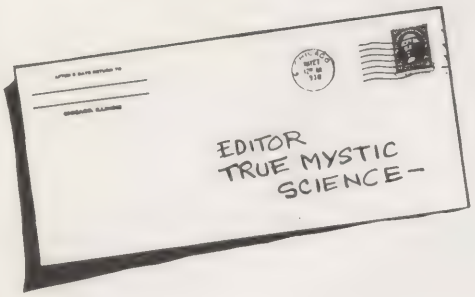
Blackstone made several attempts to "get through" but was unsuccessful. In despair, he disclosed the pact to spiritualists, hoping they might be able to suggest some means of communication. For his first experiments Blackstone had used a quiet, secluded place. Realizing that such locale was more or less alien to these men, Blackstone was advised to use a theater, since such surroundings would be familiar to all persons concerned. Following the suggestion of the spiritualists, Blackstone tried again, but with no better results.

Will Harry Blackstone ever again speak with his beloved friends? Who can say? It must be remembered that all of these men were *magicians,* not *mediums.* There is not the slightest proof that any had other than mundane power. All substances are not conductors of electricity; only certain materials can be used. Equally, not everyone is a "spirit conductor." Perhaps not one of these four men is a "sensitive."

Blackstone means to keep on trying and, in the meantime, the scoffers are having a beautiful time. We will let William Makepiece Thackeray answer for us:

"It is all very well for you who have probably never seen spirit manifestations to talk as you do, but had you seen what I have witnessed, you would hold a different opinion."

LETTERS *from our Readers*



About Their Own

TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

1st Prize Letter

PHANTOM HOUSE

PRINCE SERGE MDIVANI and I were married early in 1931. During the preceding summer a very strange occurrence took place, full of color and mystery—and yet, apparently, without significance. It may be, of course, since I do not regard myself as psychic, that I *missed* the meaning of it. Be that as it may, I only look upon it as an incident, extraordinary and inexplicable. . . .

When we left off playing tennis late that afternoon (for darkness was settling, gradually blotting from our vision the beauty of the Riviera landscape), we had no idea of making a social call—and on a stranger, at that. We certainly were not dressed for one. We had merely thought that a walk in the delicious cool of the young evening would be pleasant after the strenuous sets.

Along a winding lane that ran off into a woods north of the court, we enjoyed a strangely perfect sense of peace. The tall old trees were darkening into magnificent shadows, and now and then we could perceive the light streaming from the windows of distant chateaux, nestling in the midst of their spacious park lands on either side of us.

But one of these seemed nearer than the rest. It was (as far as we could make it out in the gathering gloom) an ancient place, showing, as those fine old homes so often do, how it had been built over a great period of years. This one was predominately Sixteenth Century, but there were wings and annexes that recalled the days of the Fronde, *le Grande Monarque*, and *Louis Quinze*. If it had been damaged, like so many another, in the days of the Revolution, it had been superbly and tastefully restored.

As we were about to pass by, the sound of music came floating to our ears from this chateau. We stopped. Now music is something I know about. I have heard the best in every important city in the world and I have done a certain amount of singing myself, having sung leading rôles in most of the world's great opera houses. Nevertheless, in all of my musical experience, I have never heard such a voice, or a voice so exquisitely controlled. It was a rich, vibrant contralto, so tender that it almost turned me to tears to hear it, full of a quality that I can only call *humanity*.

The music ceased, and the silence came flooding back. We were about to walk on when I saw a woman come out the front door and down the long walk toward us. She was dressed in a white evening gown, and she smiled as she approached.

"I saw you from my window," she said, "and I do wish that you would come inside for a little refreshment."

Serge and I exchanged glances.

"Oh, I realize how odd it seems," she quickly said, "but you both are very famous people—people I have long admired. And you must be weary after such energetic sport. So do come in, for a little time, at least!"

We had been playing tennis with considerable vigor, but that would not account for the sudden desire for relaxation that now seemed to come over me. My whole body felt strange, every sensation in nerves and muscles impelling me to accept her invitation and follow where she might lead. I looked at Serge and saw that he was experiencing the same thing. I nodded my head, for somehow I could not speak just then, and we went with this charming stranger into the fine old chateau.

THE INSIDE was what one might have expected from its external appearance. The aged floors gleamed, and the beauty of two large Gobelin tapestries on the walls of the great hall was simply breath-taking. I have never seen furnishings as exquisite, both with regard to the quality of the individual pieces and the skill with which they had been made to blend with one another in an effect at once friendly and aristocratic. Indeed, we felt uncomfortable for some little time, standing there in our sport togs.

Our hostess took care of that nicely, however. With a finesse that is born only of long training in the elegancies of social conduct, she led us through room after room until we came to what was apparently an Eighteenth Century wing of the chateau. Here we found a cozy sitting room, furnished in delightful *Louis Quinze*. The upholstery was of sky blue, enhanced with petit-point. There were fine vases of Sèvres on the consoles and cabinets—but there were modern touches, too. Yet even the ash trays and cigarette boxes reflected the spirit of powdered wigs and tight-laced bodices.

We lit cigarettes, and soon a butler brought cocktails. These pleasant attentions and the charm of our hostess put us quickly at our ease; nevertheless, there was still a certain air of unreality, something that could not be disposed of merely by drinking the best cocktail ever made and lighting a Melachrino. No, there was definitely something else, which in itself was altogether indefinite.

I think we must have been there for at least half an hour when Serge reminded me that we must be getting back to dress for dinner. Our hostess then arose and conducted us to the door. The last thing she said was, "Do come again soon. It has been so delightful knowing you."

WE DID GO back. We went back the very next day.

On the following afternoon, our horseback ride had taken us a little way up and down the coastline, and the Mediterranean was marvelously blue under the sun. On our way back, we passed the tennis court.

"Let's go this way," Serge said, turning his horse into the lane that had led to last evening's adventure. "I want to see that chateau once in broad daylight."

"This can't be it," I said when we had stopped. But it was. Serge said nothing, and there was a curious frown between his eyebrows.

"This is very strange," was all he said.

For the house was but a pathetic shell of what we had seen last night. Its window frames contained no glass, and the roof was missing from a large part of it. Weeds grew all about it like a harum-scarum forest. As we rode into the grounds, several grouselike birds flew noisily up and through the broken windows. It was obvious that no one had lived in this place for years; and yet we knew that this was where we had been last night. Serge dismounted and helped me down.

"Follow me," he said and turned toward the front door, before which the brambles flourished as in a jungle. We tramped through the weeds and pushed through to the door. It stuck for a minute, then, as

Serge applied more pressure, yielded with a rusty groan.

Inside there was dust, dust everywhere we looked. There were only bare walls—no rugs, no furniture, no Gobelin tapestries. And yet it was the same house, as its interior architecture revealed. There could be no question of that.

"Look!" Serge suddenly exclaimed. I followed with my eyes to where he pointed. There was dust on the floor, loads of it. But there were footprints also—our footprints!

We examined these closely. "See." Serge was looking up at me excitedly. "Here's the mark of those new tennis shoes I was wearing yesterday." It was true. The design on the bottom of the soles was perfectly revealed in the dust. I rubbed some of the coating away with my hand; underneath the floor looked nearly as it had last night, but the gleam had gone from it, probably many decades ago. Serge was standing now.

"This is the mose peculiar thing I have ever encountered," he said.

We followed the footprints, and they led us to the same Eighteenth Century room in which we had been entertained. There was nothing there but the same dust—and the footprints.

"But she was here, too, Serge."

There were only two sets of prints—ours.

WHEN WE came out of that ruined place—and I was glad to go, for I was beginning to feel a creepy sensation down the middle of my spine—we saw an old bearded peasant staring curiously at our tethered horses. Serge strode up to the fellow.

"You look like an old-timer around here," he said. "Maybe you can tell me who lived in this house."

"It was when I was a boy," he replied. "A singer from Paris lived in that house. She was a great one, they used to say. My mother used to work in her kitchen when there were grand balls and parties. The fine lady was very beautiful—and very kind."

"What happened to her?" I asked.

"She was killed—stabbed, I guess it was, by another singer who was jealous. They say the old place here is haunted. Nobody ever goes near it."

"Why do people say it's haunted?" Serge wanted to know.

"You wouldn't be having to ask if you had been around here last night." The old man looked at us significantly.

"What happened last night?"

"Same thing that happens every year come last night. Singing by a female voice is heard. Very beautiful singing. And everybody's afraid and stays close to home when that night comes around."

"Well," said Serge, as we rode off, "ghost or not, the cocktails were mighty good."

But I was thinking of her singing . . . and of the amazing strangeness of it all.

Mary McCormic,
Chicago, Ill.

2nd Prize Letter

A SPIRIT MESSAGE FROM MY FATHER

OUT OF A LIFETIME of contacts with the people of the spirit world—I am seventy-six years old—I can say that my séance with Margarette Fox Kane was in many respects the most satisfactory one of many thousands during sixty years of experience.

In the fall of 1887, my wife and I were visiting in New York City, and called on Mrs. Kane. The south side of her large old-fashioned room was all glass, and the sun was pouring into the room. The little old lady sat at a large dinner table on which were paper and pencils. I did not mention our names, only asking if she were free to see us. Seating us, she immediately began to write with both hands, sheet after sheet very rapidly, and tossing them across the table to me. I picked up one, but could make out nothing. She told me to hold it up to a mirror. In my father's peculiar backhand, was a message signed, Your loving father, Gustave Wiksell. It was written backwards and upside down, but I was satisfied. Many more sheets followed, all equally correct in every way.

Then Mrs. Kane said I might ask any question I pleased mentally, designating where the raps were to come from. As soon as I had thought a question, I asked that the answer come on the window at least twelve feet from the table. Instantly came the sharp clear raps on the glass. In answer to another mental query, the raps came under the sole of my shoe which I felt as well as heard; again, under my hand on the table.

I should explain that I was not investigating, but merely wanted to meet this old pioneer of modern spiritualism, so I was not the least in that Houdini-know-it-all frame of mind. That, in my opinion, is the greatest bar to satisfactory proof of spirit return.

Then in August, 1888, Margarette Fox Kane demonstrated before a large audience in the Academy of Music in New York City, how, by cracking her toe joints, she had fooled an international public for many years. She said: "That I have been chiefly instrumental in perpetuating the fraud of spiritualism upon a too-confiding public, most of you know. The greatest sorrow of my life has been that this is true, and, though it has come late in my day, I am now prepared to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

In spite of the fact that the little woman later denied all the above nonsense at a spiritualist meeting, her repudiation of her mediumistic powers appears in *Yoga,* by Kovoor T. Behanan, of Yale. Many other so-called authorities cite it as

[*Continued on page 62*]

True Psychic Experience Contest

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE offers eight prizes every month for the best True Psychic Experiences, according to the judges' decision, sent in by readers. These monthly prizes will be as follows:

1st Prize, $15.00; 2nd Prize, $10.00; 3rd Prize, $5.00; and five additional prizes, each consisting of a one year's subscription to TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Magazine.

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE will reserve the right to publish, additional to the prize winners, a certain number of entries as Honorable Mention awards.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. Entries may deal with any kind of occult experience. Each entry must not exceed 1,000 words in length; shorter manuscripts are preferred. Pictures may be enclosed, if you wish.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon, properly filled in with your name, street address, city, and state. You may enter as many Experiences as you wish in any month's contest, but each entry must be accompanied by a separate coupon, and each entry must be sent in a separate envelope.

3. No entry will be returned unless you have sent with it a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

4. Due care will be taken in handling manuscripts, but TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE assumes no responsibility for their safe return. The judges will not enter into any correspondence concerning entries once they have been submitted.

Experience Editor, TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE,
402 Corn Exchange Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please enter the enclosed True Psychic Experience in this month's Prize Contest. Permission is herewith granted to publish my entry, together with my name and address, if it wins a prize or honorable mention. I understand that my entry will not be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed herewith.

Name .....

Address .....

PART THREE
of a series

IN THE PREVIOUS articles I have striven to show that there is a logical and scientific basis for divination, and that the Tarot pack is a tool that can be used for this purpose.

The method of preparing the cards has been given. Now we enter the difficult field of interpretation. The meaning of each card may be condensed for the purpose of brevity, and only those who understand the basic symbolism will have outstanding success.

The first card of the major arcana, for example, is The Magician. It is worth studying, for it contains mighty esoteric truths that are yet unknown to accepted science.

Above the head of the figure is an aureola or nimbus, the mathematical sign for infinity. In the upraised right hand is a wand, the symbol of creative power. The left hand points downward.

This card teaches the principle of taking power from the great Logoidal Reservoir, and bringing it down into the physical realm. In whatever form it manifests, it is still Infinite Power. What is true of the Macrocosm, the greatest of things, is true of the Microcosm, the smallest of things. What is true of the universe is true of the atom, for they both are formed of the same substance and are created according to the same plan.

The card tells us that man is the director of the Forces of the universe. Child of God that he is, he may come into his high position in the household whenever he will, and all things are possible to him.

The number of the card—one—means concentration, a limitation of the field of activity, and that is the secret of success no matter what the undertaking may be. The black hair of the figure symbolizes the ignorance of unformed, inexperienced power, but it is bound about by the white band of knowledge. The white garments are purity and wisdom, and the girdle is that of the serpent with its tail in its mouth, the symbol of Creation, which is without beginning or end.

The story begun in the card that we miscall The Fool is continued here. Primal Force is being organized and directed by The Magician. Manifestation has not yet begun, but the implements for the fashioning have been created. They are on the table at The Magician's side—the wand, the cup, the sword and the pentacle. These correspond to the symbols of fire, air, water and earth. They may be explained roughly as will, action, imagination and physical embodiment. Another correspondence is spirit, mind, emotion and matter.

This and much more does the first card of the Tarot pack tell us, and if one understands it, its interpretation is not difficult when it appears in the answer to a question.

Those who use the Tarot cards must exercise judgment in making detailed prophecies. Often will they be wrong in the interpretation. The Tarot system is one that will be recognized and studied by the science of the future, but we always must consider the human element in reducing the symbols to a concrete forecast.

A recent portrait of Alan M. Emley, who is internationally recognized as an authority on the Tarot.

If the Tarot prophet attempts to reach the general public, he must be right every time in his prophecies. People will pick out the negative cases and ignore the others. Instead of making a complete forecast, it is wiser to use the symbolic meanings of the Tarot cards whenever possible.

Such an interpretation is always seen to be correct after the event. Most of the famous prophecies in the past have been made in symbols. One that astrologers point to with pride was made by Lilly during the middle ages. Previous to the great fire in London, Lilly drew a picture showing twin children suspended over flames. After the event, this was taken to symbolize the burning of London, which city was said to have come into existence under the sign of Gemini. Perhaps if Lilly had interpreted his prophecy, he would not have come within a league of the actual happening.

In the following brief table, I will give the symbolic name of each card, which has a deep significance, together with an interpretation of the cards both in upright position and when reversed.

MEANINGS OF THE CARDS
The Greater Arcana

0. THE FOOL: The Spirit of "A."

In philosophical matters, the card means spirituality, thought, an idea. In material questions it may refer to folly, eccentricity, stupidity, and, possibly, expiation for foolish things done.

YOU CAN BE A PROPHET

By Alan M. Emley, Ph. D.

For the first time the Tarot invocation is made public. Old obligations no longer bind Initiates to secrecy where it is plain that their teachings cannot harm.

Reversed: Instability, hesitation, trouble coming from failure to act.

1. THE MAGICIAN: The Magus of Power.

Superior wisdom and power; skill, craft, cleverness; will and will-power.

Reversed: The opposite of will, weakness of purpose; subtle cunning, power applied to wrongful ends.

2. THE HIGH PRIESTESS: The Priestess of the Silver Star.

The law, especially divine law; science, knowledge, education; all things that apply to understanding higher principles.

Reversed: Superficial knowledge, bigotry, blundering lack of skill, conceited ignorance.

3. THE EMPRESS: The Daughter of the Mighty Ones.

Constructive movement, happiness, action, plans, beauty; sometimes success, but more often a happy movement toward a given objective.

Reversed: Lack of initiative, inaction; a wasting away of power and energy.

4. THE EMPEROR: Sun of the Morning; Chief Among the Mighty.

This card continues the message of The Empress; it is realization, conquest, victory, the effect of constructive action.

Reversed: Defeat, stoppage, a definite checking of a movement and plans; unripe, immature, lacking in preparation.

5. THE HIEROPHANT: The Magus of the Eternal.

Wisdom when applied from the point of view of mercy and compassion; beneficence, kindness; general goodness.

Reversed: A foolish extending of mercy; overkindness; weakness, lack of force.

6. THE LOVERS: The Children of the Voice; the Oracles of the Mighty Gods.

A passive inspiration such as that received by a medium; also the surmounting of difficulties, proof of ability and worth; a wise disposal of problems.

Reversed: A failure when put to the final test; unwise plans; lack of adequate preparation.

7. THE CHARIOT: The Child of the Powers of the Waters; the Lord of the Triumph of Light.

The overcoming of obstacles, a final triumph, victory; sometimes it means health after sickness.

Reversed: Defeat; overcome by opposition at the last moment, overthrown, conquered.

8. STRENGTH: The Daughter of the Flaming Sword.

Anything pertaining to strength and fortitude; it may be the arm of the Law, or armies and navies; power, might and force of any kind.

Reversed: Strength abused; power perverted to selfish and wrongful ends; a bully; also a want of fortitude; lack of a high purpose.

9. THE HERMIT: The Magus of the Voice of Power.

The conservative side of things; prudence, caution, deliberation before action.

Reversed: Conservativeness carried into the absurd; timidity; inaction on account of fear; overprudence.

10. WHEEL OF FORTUNE: The Lord of the Forces of Life.

An unexpected good fortune; success coming from an unlooked for source; good luck.

Reversed: The opposite; an unexpected misfortune; failure and bad luck.

11. JUSTICE: The Daughter of the Lords of Truth; the Ruler of the Balance.

The balancing of the scales; justice, equilibrium and poise; the fit and proper reward.

Reversed: Overseverity; abuse of justice; unbalanced power. The meaning is somewhat similar to that of Strength reversed.

12. THE HANGED MAN: The Spirit of the Mighty Waters.

The spirit of crucifixion; self-sacrifice, renunciation through devotion; bound to a purpose or a cause regardless of the cost.

Reversed: Free and unbound; selfishness; lack of responsibility; sometimes a partial or insufficient sacrifice.

13. DEATH: The Child of the Great Transformers; the Lord of the Gates of Death.

A change for the worse; death, destruction, transformation, change, havoc, ruin.

Reversed: All these averted or passed by; a partial change, or a change for the better.

14. TEMPERANCE: The Daughter of the Reconcilers; the Bringer-forth of Life.

A combination of Forces; a uniting of effort; conformation to a plan or principle.

Reversed: A clashing of Forces; disunion; unsuccessful and ill-advised combinations.

15. THE DEVIL: The Lord of the Gates of Matter; the Child of the Forces of Time.

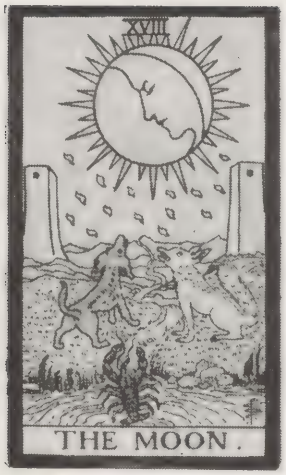
This card pertains to the material world; an enslavement to material things, with liberation coming only through a release into Higher Consciousness; a material occurrence that will work for good.

Reversed: An occurrence that will work for evil.

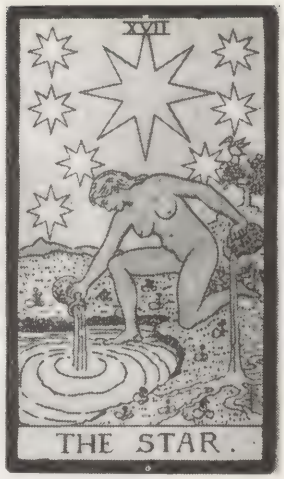
16. THE BLASTED TOWER: The Lord of the Hosts of the Mighty.

Ruin, destruction, defeat, overthrow; blasted hopes and plans; bankruptcy or serious loss.

Reversed: All these, but in a minor degree.



The Tarot Cards will answer your questions! For information on how you may obtain your own set, see page 65.



17. THE STAR: The Daughter of the Firmament; the Dweller Between the Waters.

Unexpected help from some source; a bright outlook for the future; hope; a promising situation.

Reversed: Disappointment; hopes unfulfilled, or fulfilled only in a minor degree.

18. THE MOON: The Ruler of Flux and Reflux; the Child of the Sons of the Mighty.

This is a sensitive card, and is affected greatly by those adjacent. It means a general dissatisfaction with things as they are, and a voluntary change growing out of it. Also it may mean a general error and deception. It is *twilight,* when the vision is defective.

Reversed: Trifling and annoying mistakes; change for the worse; slight deceptions; small events that bother.

19. THE SUN: The Lord of the Fire of the World.

Brightness, sunshine in life; happiness, joy; favorable issue of a plan or problem.

Reversed: The same, but in a minor degree.

20. THE LAST JUDGMENT: The Spirit of the Primal Fire.

This is rather a difficult card, for it must be determined on different planes of thought. Judgment; determination of a matter; a final decree from which there is no appeal; the ending.

Reversed: Delay and postponement of a matter; whatever is delayed will be determined later; not a final ending.

21. THE UNIVERSE: The Great One of the Night Time.

Usually the meaning depends on other cards, for this pertains to the subject matter itself. It may mean a favorable ending.

Reversed: Unfavorable ending; an evil reward for effort expended; an unsatisfactory conclusion of the subject matter.

The Lesser Arcana

Wands

KING OF WANDS: The Lord of the Flame and Lightning; the King of the Spirits of Fire.

Culture, education, knowledge, science, and philosophy. When applied to an individual: a country gentleman, or a man dwelling in the country.

Reversed: Advice, counsel, thought, and deliberation; a man upright and severe.

QUEEN OF WANDS: The Queen of the Thrones of Flame.

Rulership with attractive power; materialism; avarice, love of money and property; a lady in the country, and also the lady of the house.

Reversed: Opposition, obstacles, resistance from various sources; an economical, home-loving, virtuous woman.

KNIGHT OF WANDS: The Prince of the Chariot of Fire.

A separation, severance, disunion.

Reversed: Separation with a quarrel; rupture, disagreement.

KNAVE OF WANDS: The Princess of the Shining Flame; the Rose of the Palace of Fire.

Satisfaction and pleasure; a good era coming; good news.

Reversed: The opposite of the above; grief, disappointment, displeasure, bad news.

TEN OF WANDS: The Lord of Oppression.

Safety, assurance, honor and good faith in a transaction; confidence and trust.

Reversed: The opposite of these; bad faith, deceit; treachery, obstacles through duplicity.

NINE OF WANDS: The Lord of Great Strength.

Capable management; orderly arrangement; discipline and order.

Reversed: Lack of order and discipline; delays, crosses and obstacles.

EIGHT OF WANDS: The Lord of Swiftness.

Management and direction; understanding; a knowledge of affairs in general.

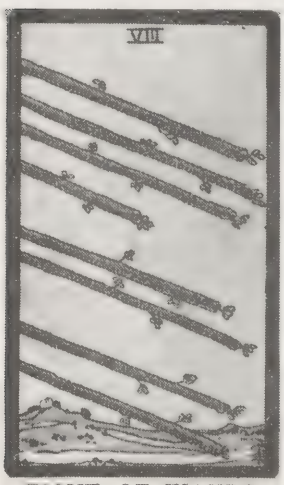
Reversed: Disorder, discord and disputes; especially discord from within; quarrels and unhappiness.

SEVEN OF WANDS: The Lord of Illusional Success.

Gain, profit, financial success; triumph or victory in an undertaking.

Reversed: Worry, doubt and indecision; delay and small losses; troubles arising from small affairs.

[*Continued on page 54*]



EIGHT OF WANDS

SEVEN OF CUPS

THREE OF CUPS

DEUCE OF SWORDS

Your Mystic Council Chamber

Conducted by Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Lloyd Kenyon Jones, author of numerous well-known works on psychic themes.

THE CONSTANTLY increasing number of earnest students showing interest in the Registered Councils is conclusive proof of its widespread and rapid growth. Various established groups have joined because they appreciate this opportunity for greater advancement and study in mystic, psychic and metaphysical fields.

Councils are springing into being all over America; some even beyond our national borders. In several instances persons belonging to church organizations of a strictly orthodox nature have joined the Registered Councils.

Be sure to read our special announcement and, if you have not already done so, send for information concerning the forming of your own Registered Council.

MYSTIC COUNCIL CHAMBER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Psychic Powers

Question—Is there a quotation in the Bible concerning trying the spirits?

Answer—The quotation can be found in the First Epistle of John, Chapter 4, verses 1 to 6. Note that it pertains to spirits incarnate—that is, human beings—as well as spirits discarnate.

Question—Why is it when I sit in a séance room I feel a prickling sensation all over me, like tiny magnetic points being thrust into my flesh? Sometimes I also feel sleepy.

Answer—This is the work of spirit chemists drawing on you for certain elements, ingredients, or forces to help build up the ectoplasm, as this borderland condition of spirit manifestation is usually called. We would not wish to be quoted as claiming that ectoplasm covers all such manifestations, as the force may be magnetic or electrical in nature.

Question—Frequently, of late, when I look at persons I see their features change. Sometimes a man's face forms outside a woman's face. This frightens me. Am I going crazy?

Answer—This is one of the two forms of transfiguration. The other form is confined to more pronounced physical mediums. Then all persons present see the change. It is built up by ectoplasm, but sometimes the transfiguration can be seen only psychically. At times this change portrays some earlier appearance of the person. If he or she were an actor, the transfiguration may partake of rôles played by that person. Again it may be caused by the manifestation of some outside spirit. If you will describe what you see to others, you will find many who can recognize this "built-up" condition.

Question—Sometimes just when I am about to phone, even before I have given the number, or dialed, I get a definite impression about the person—a friend usually—whom I am about to call, which is correct. How do you explain this?

Answer—You have made a spiritual connection. You have reached out mentally and this puts you in contact with facts that are revealed to you telepathically.

Question—Does drinking alcoholic beverages add to, or detract from, psychic powers?

Answer—Ordinarily it detracts. If it does not otherwise harm, it is likely to induce unfavorable manifestations.

Mystic Sciences

Question—Does Occultism come under the head of Mystic Sciences in the Registered Councils?

Answer—Yes, it does. Occultism as here defined not only embraces the Mystic Sciences, but goes outside the ordinary metes and bounds of that category. Occultism enters into the realms of the Yoga or Hinduism. It contacts Buddhistic and similar practices. Occultism preserves much of the knowledge that existed in Atlantis and Lemuria prior to the great flood.

Occultists, some of whom study and operate through brotherhoods, claim that there are incarnate beings of celestial origin on earth, representatives of the higher powers. Some of these are from the Atmic realms, known in higher Spiritualism as the Seventh Sphere. The Atman, soul, self, or breath, is also known as the very essence of the Life Principle.

Occultism has many schools of thought, all inter-related, and it varies from the Karma — one's position in the activities of Fate, especially reincarnation—to the higher spiritual forms of Hinduism. Properly, most Hindu mysticism is related to the Sankhya, Nyaya, and the Vedanta systems. Brahma is the deity, or great soul, of the Upanishads. In addition there are numerous other philosophies, most of them extremely mystic.

When we consider the remarkable exhibition given in New York City by Kuda Bux, the Mohammedan mystic who, under the supervision of "Believe-It-Or-Not" Robert Ripley, walked twice across a twenty-foot trench of living coals, we can understand something of the powers of the Karma Yogi.

Question—If one changes one's name, does Numerology explain any alteration that may occur in that person's development?

Answer—We quote from Page 38 of *Count your Numbers*, by Mary Adams: "Very few people go through life using the same name. Children are called by nicknames; boys grow up and adopt business signatures; girls marry and begin life anew under quite another set of vibrations. Each change is a chapter in development. Just as our personalities change from babyhood to adulthood, so the names by which we are known as children must grow up, too."

Hence, every time a signature is altered a new numerological analysis is required. Miss Adams advocates analyzing the new name before the change is made, to learn what the effect will be.

Question—I would give almost anything to be a successful direct-voice medium. How shall I proceed?

Answer—God gives you talents, not man. If it is not in your aura to become a certain kind of medium, all the effort on earth will not produce it. Be satisfied with the kind that manifests. Neither reject it nor resent it, but receive it with thanksgiving.

Question—In order to attract the highest guides, what can one do? How should one live?

Answer—The expected reply would be that you must live a saintlike life. However, some of the most unsaintly mediums have been channels through which very high forces have been manifested. It is really a case of selection from the other side. All mediums do not attract high spirits, but they may be wonderful channels for the most commendable communications between loved ones.

[*Continued on page 56*]

A group of British investigators, including William Jeffrey (large figure center) and Conan Doyle (in front of woman wearing hat). This picture, when turned to the left, reveals an "extra" of Mr. Jeffrey's father.

FILMING SPIRITS of the "DEAD"

(CONCLUSION)

By Whit Wellman

SPIRITS DO SIT for pictures! At least, in some cases, the work of medium-photographers has been thoroughly checked by reliable investigators, who have issued statements thereafter that fraud could not possibly have entered into the taking of the pictures. And the testimony of scientists is not to be regarded lightly, for scientists are the greatest skeptics in the world. They usually find what they are looking for, and when they look for fraud, *and do not find it,* the layman may rest assured that there is none.

It is this significant fact which makes so many of the spirit-photographs in James Skelton's collection of value and scientific interest. Skelton himself sat a number of times for William Hope, the famous London medium-photographer, during the investigations by the Crewe Circle which continued until Hope's death. On one of the plates that were exposed at the sittings appears the head and shoulders of a man. In this case the "extra" seemed to resemble Skelton's brother, who was then living in Victoria, B. C. This, Skelton says, may have been a "thought-picture," rather than the face of an entity who survived in some unknown world.

"In this instance," Skelton writes, "it cannot be said that Hope had a picture of my brother and double-exposed the plate. No one touched the plate but myself, and whatever happened, fraud on the part of Hope was ruled out."

One unusual picture taken for the Birmingham Society for Psychic Research shows two nearly full length figures, which appear to be draped in a thin gauze. It was snapped in the presence of the London medium, Mrs. Deane, who had been invited to the home of Mr. Frederick Barlow. When the group was seated, Barlow attached a thread from the camera shutter to his foot, and seated himself beside Mrs. Deane and her daughter. Barlow moved his foot, the shutter exposed the plate, and he at once developed it. The two "extras" were identified as Mrs. Deane's guides.

A particularly interesting photograph taken during a private London séance shows a possible explanation of the way in which voices are heard through trumpets. This picture was taken in the dark, under no special conditions, and is valuable more as a curiosity than for strictly evidential purposes. The trumpet stands upon a

The cause of these amazing pictures — expressed in materialistic terms — is still a mystery. The authenticity of these illustrations, therefore, cannot be endorsed by TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE. Responsibility for genuineness must lie entirely with the author.

small table in the center. From the small end of the metal instrument a narrow tube or strand of what spiritists call ectoplasm is seen to be rising. This connects with the head of what appears to be an extra. Skelton does not vouch for this experiment, however, since he was not present at the time.

A written message signed by Archdeacon Colley was received by Hope during one of the last experiments by the Crewe Circle. Two sitters are in the background. The writing is in three different languages: English, French, and Greek. The strange fact is that the Greek is classic, not modern.

This print was submitted to a scholar at the British Museum, who translated the final line of ancient Greek—a language certainly beyond the knowledge of William Hope or anyone else present at the sitting.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle took his friend, Mr. William Jeffrey, of Glasgow, with a group of others to visit Hope, and a sitting was held under the accustomed conditions. In the center of one of the pictures, at right angles, appeared the head of Mr. Jeffrey's father. For this experiment Doyle supplied his own plates, which were marked, and the plates were developed by Conan Doyle and Jeffrey immediately after the exposure. Only one of the plates showed the supernormal extra; the others were ordinary photographs of the sitters.

This is a psychograph, or thought-picture. The camera was focused on a crystal globe. The plate, when developed, showed the face of a beautiful child.

Although Hope was the best known of so-called spirit-photographers because of his acquaintance with Conan Doyle, Sir William Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge, other men have accomplished similar results in America. One is Mr. Edward Wylie of Los Angeles, who has obtained a number of clear extras in the course of his ordinary professional work. One of his subjects was a Mr. Hayward, said to be a mental healer. In this picture the extra is the head of an Indian, rather blurred, just under the sitter's shoulder.

The subject of spirit-photography is still a matter of controversy. Dr. Hereward Carrington, an investigator for *Scientific American* Magazine, in the case of "Margery" and other mediums, and author of several volumes on psychic research, says of William Hope:

"Hope did succeed in obtaining a number of striking faces and markings upon plates which the sitter had brought with him, carefully marked, and placed in the camera himself. I have secured such photographs through these mediums and am positive that, if any fraud was practiced, it was of an altogether new kind, never before discovered. In all sittings where evidence of any value is obtained, the sitter has brought his own marked plates, placed them in the camera himself, and developed them himself. If the medium will not permit this, you may rest assured he is a fraud. Also, unrecognized faces . . . are absolutely worthless from the point of view of evidence. The strictest test conditions must always be imposed."

Undoubtedly the chief interest in the strange photographs produced by William Hope lies in the fact that he was never discredited. But not all photographers professing to have mediumistic powers were so fortunate.

"Spirit-photography" began in America with a Boston photographer, Mumler. The year was 1862, some fifty years before Hope was heard of. A certain Dr. Gardner sat for Mumler, and upon the first plate he was startled to discover the extra of his cousin, who had died twelve years previously. When the good Dr. Gardner published his experiences, the newspapers played it up and created tremendous interest. A year later, however, Dr. Gardner found that in at least two instances a very much alive human model had sat for Mumler's "spirit pictures," and Mumler was exposed. He was prosecuted in New York, but the available evidence was insufficient to prove fraud, and he was acquitted.

Spirit pictures rapidly became fashionable. Mr. and Mrs. Guppy, then well-known mediums, attempted to produce such photographs. They failed completely, and called in a professional photographer, Thos. Hudson. But where the Guppys had had no success, Hudson appeared to succeed. His pictures and process were carefully investigated by the London optician and scientist,

Mr. Thomas Slater. No fraud was discovered. Slater reported: "They (the pictures) were not made by double exposure nor by figures projected in space in any way; they were not the result of mirrors; they were not produced by any machinery in the background, behind it, above it, or below it, nor by any contrivance connected with the bath, the camera, or the camera-slide."

And Mr. Traill Taylor, editor of the *British Journal of Photography,* declared that " . . . at no time during the preparation, exposure, or development of the pictures was Mr. Hudson within ten feet of the camera or the dark room. Appearances of an abnormal kind did certainly appear upon several plates."

Some doubt was cast upon Hudson's work, however, when another professional photographer of London, Mr. Beattie, at first believed and then disbelieved in Hudson's honesty. He accused Hudson of having resorted to double-exposure and other tricks.

Several of Hudson's first sitters, after due consideration, decided they had been duped.

In the case of William Hope no such questions arose. His spirit-pictures, especially those in the Skelton collection, were taken under test conditions imposed by skeptics, professional photographers, and investigating scientists.

Both Conan Doyle and Sir William Crookes were convinced that Hope's pictures gave definite proof of personal survival.

Left: **Portrait of a father and mother, taken by William Hope. The extra was identified as their son in spirit.** Right: **Photograph of the child, taken before he passed on.**

ONCE FRAUD is counted as impossible in a specific case, the explanation of spiritists and scientists is quite different. Spiritists claim that extras in the pictures taken by William Hope and certain other photographers are proof of personal survival: that these extras are indeed pictures of individuals who have passed over.

Scientists, of course, must decide upon whatever evidence is at hand. The scientific viewpoint says, in effect, "We neither believe nor disbelieve. We simply do not know. But we do know this: many distant stars have been photographed through powerful telescopes, stars invisible to human sight. Spirit pictures may, indeed, be possible because the sensitive lens of a camera often registers objects which the human eye cannot perceive. Special medical laboratory cameras have photographed disturbances beneath the skin of a patient before they become evident on the surface. Smallpox can be detected before it shows upon the skin."

In line with this, the Nobel Prize winner, Dr. E. D. Adrian of the Cambridge Physiological Laboratory, England, recently took what he described as photographs of headaches and other disturbances . . . or rather, the vibrations which spread at such times. And Dr. John Kennedy at Stanford University is now experimenting with a machine to measure "brain waves."

Sir William Crookes did not attempt to explain how spirit pictures were produced during his lifetime, though from his own experiences, he was certain that many were genuine.

Yet recently, in the British weekly, *Two Worlds,* a professional photographer claims that during a séance Sir William returned to describe the process in some detail! In his earth life Crookes was Photographer Royal at Edinburgh. He died nineteen years ago, and a num-

Hope's photograph of William McGee, of Belfast, Ireland, showing two extras, identified as McGee's sons, who had been drowned two years before the sitting. Some scientists believe this to be a psychograph rather than a spirit photograph.

ber of mediums have since asserted that the famous scientist has "come through" to them. On this occasion, however, the information presented—whether true or false—at least was practical.

The inquiring photographer, Mr. W. J. West, addressed the supposed voice of Sir William which issued from the trumpet:

"Now that you have passed from darkness into light, have you been able to ascertain how the spirit-photographs are produced?"

Crookes replied, "Well, West, you may rule out one fact. The psychic image is in no way an objective one that can be 'seen' by the camera lens. The camera itself has nothing to do with the result. Nevertheless, a lens is used in a similar manner to the crystalline lens in the human eye, permitting the image to be focused on the retina, which is that portion of the eye directly concerned in the translation of the undulations of light waves into what you call, or know as, vision.

"We, in our demonstrations to the people of the earth, assemble where suitable conditions are to be found for experiment. The medium is impressed as to how we desire the plate to be handled for the purpose of magnetizing it, to make it sensitive to the cosmic rays necessary to obtain the desired result, and which are used *immediately before development.*

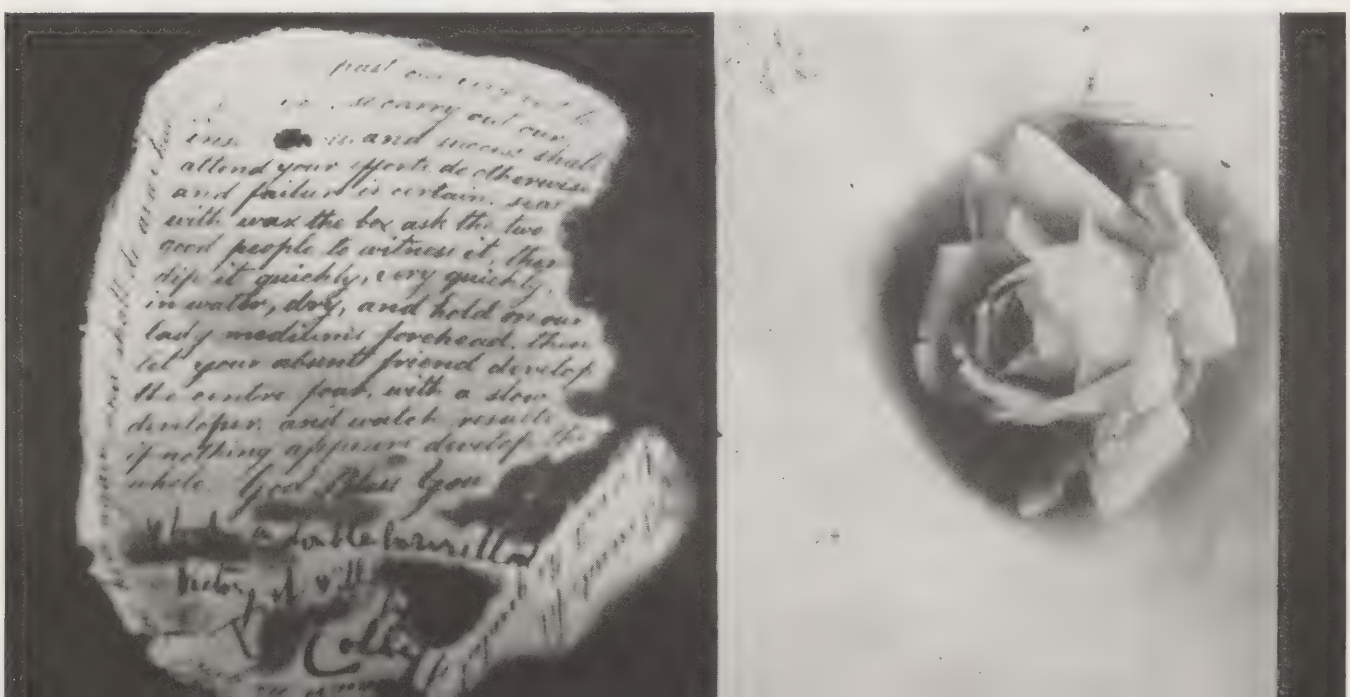
"Let us assume that a séance is to be held and a manifestation is to take place. We select the person, object, manuscript, or message that is to be produced, and our operator, looking intently at the object, transfers it by *reflection* through waves of impression to the photographic plate, which has been made supersensitive by our own chemists, and subject to psychic action. In a similar manner the artist looks at his subject and projects it onto his canvas through his own optic lenses, but develops it with his brushes and colours. I now am a spirit-artist, and can look at your brother, or any of the controls about me, and throw their image onto the photographic plate. This image would appear if developed *within a certain time.* I say this because these waves of impression do not affect the sensitive plate for an indefinite period."

A Hindu and his second wife were photographed in London in 1928. The extra was identified as the man's first wife.

THE CAUSE, expressed in materialistic terms, of these strange photographs is still a mystery. Investigations by both scientists and spiritists are continuous in the field of thought-pictures and spirit-photography. Both forms may be proven to spring from the same source: a physical vibration which can be photographed under certain conditions.

Recently both types of pictures have been produced in many parts of the world, including Japan, London, Berlin, New York, Los Angeles and Seattle. Among the well-known investigators of this phenomenon today are men like Hamlin Garland, the famous American writer, and many scientists, including Dr. Hereward Carrington. They are all engaged in research—not to produce questionable evidence and thus prove a theory—but to reveal the truth.

Two psychographs from William Hope's studio. Left: **A written message purportedly from the late Archdeacon Colley.** Right: **The plate was held between the sitter's hands for thirty minutes. When developed, it revealed a rose.**



What Grapho-Analysis Can Do For You

By M. N. Bunker

Recognized Handwriting Expert and Authority

Grapho-analysis, not graphology, insists Mr. Bunker, knows no limits. It searches out the hidden, revealing the good with the bad. "He that ruleth himself is greater than he that ruleth a city." To rule, one must know. Learn through grapho-analysis— the key to self-understanding. Be successful, instead of a failure. Be happy, instead of miserable. Grapho-analysis is the highroad to achievement. Don't fail to take advantage of Mr. Bunker's offer of assistance.

HAVE YOU EVER stood by the Pacific and —alone—looked away into space? Or on the shore of the Atlantic, and looked away toward the east, with the sky growing pink?

You looked, and there was no limit to your vision for you looked into Infinity. You saw not only that which was present, but you felt that which you could not see. You stood, as the ancients of old stood on the mountaintop, and saw *all*, without limitation.

Grapho-analysis is like that. It has no limit, but probes, instead, the unlimited. It probes the soul. It reveals that which was hidden, but which is all around us. It reveals life, and doing this gives us command of ourselves, and a knowledge of those around us that makes possible a successful acceptance of the divine command, "Judge not."

Grapho-analysis is all this because it is all-revealing. It encompasses, because it probes life, and life has no limitation. It is majestic, because it deals, not with the complex but with the simple, the plain, and the unadorned. It is the magic lense that reveals your soul and my soul, because these souls of ours are the reflection of the minds that make the soul.

It is all of this—and I say it humbly, after having lived with it, worked with it, doubted it, and then satisfied myself of its power and its possibilities. Grapho-analysis gives you the key to yourself. It lays open before you the expanse of your possibilities, and it identifies and specifies your shortcomings, for it is above all impartial. It is justice itself, untouched by fear or favor, fulfilling to the uttermost the Divine command of the ages, "Know thyself."

Thirty years ago as I lay on the close curled buffalo grass and watched my herd, I would not have dreamed that some day I would make such statements. I would not have thought that such a thing was possible, for then I was lying there reading my first book on graphology: a thin little volume written and published by a man named Hausam, who spent most of his time teaching young and old to flourish birds, and make fancy capitals. Maybe Hausam believed in graphology. Possibly he did not. All I know is that he published a little book that set in motion a current of questions which I had to answer. Rather he helped to add to my problem.

In those days boys were trained to be expert penmen in order to make a living filling out postmasters' commissions and doing other odd jobs for the government —jobs now done much better by expert typists who are efficient, if not artists. I was scheduled for such training, but somehow my letters would not follow the copybook. Penmanship experts tried to teach me, but I could not do the things they told me to do. I could not, but I did not know the reason. Surely the spirit was willing, but the flesh was obstinate, and as a result I did not learn to write the flourishes that others learned to make. Why? I asked myself the question. Then it was that Hausam's little book suggested, but did not give an answer.

That book, though, started the long trail through the years. It pointed the way to countless hours of labor, thousands of miles of travel, and days-upon-end of checking and counterchecking, until today I know that grapho-analysis, which provided the answer to that "why" about my own writing, is the key to human understanding.

The key to human understanding! Yes, the key to all human life! A key to what world rulers will do under given circumstances; a key to how statesmen will direct the affairs of a nation; the solution of international problems and to those of the fireside where mothers and fathers worry and work to make homes. Grapho-analysis is more than mere knowledge. It is understanding. It is that which makes possible peace instead of friction, success instead of failure, happiness in the place of misery and shame.

It is more than understanding. It is strength as well. It is that which is greater than creed, or "ism," or faith. It is justice, holding back nothing, nor adding one jot nor tittle. It is completeness because it is the means by which you and I may know ourselves.

It is the tool which you may use in creating your own life, the master measure by which to gauge your building material, and make sure each step of the way.

It is not made up of rules, but of individual values abetting and offsetting one another until the perfect whole has been identified. It is something that you may use, just as your neighbor may use it, too. This is true because grapho-analysis is simplicity itself, even while it is the child of complexities. It is safety because it is the antithesis of danger. It is all of this and more because it is wisdom, and strength, and complete justice; fair to all men, prejudiced against none.

It is that which makes it possible for you to say, "I know myself," without fear or favor. This is my grapho-analysis, after thirty years of traveling a thousand varied trails since that day I had asked myself, "Why?" when I was struggling to follow the copybooks. Grapho-analysis is the answer to that question, just as it is the answer to all questions that arise within the depths of your own soul.

USE THIS COUPON

Mr. M. N. Bunker,
True Mystic Science,
Corn Exchange Building,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

I enclose ten cents in coin, a stamped envelope, and a sample of my writing. Please send me your personal analysis chart.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

GATE CRASHER

By Elsie Jeffery Ricker

I DON'T PRETEND to know how mediums get their clairvoyant knowledge; I only know that in some mysterious way they are sometimes given the power to see events of the past, present, or future. But my strange experience, which I shall relate, involved more than simple clairvoyance, more than enough to stagger me and to convince me that these psychic powers do exist, that there is more than a smattering of truth in hundreds of so-called fantastic legends.

When I called at the home of the Reverend Carol McKinstry, I knew I was calling on a stranger, and I also knew, from her manner, that she had never seen me either. She had never heard about the tragedy that happened so many years ago in Sturgis, Michigan; indeed, that matter was very far from my own thoughts at the time. I had come to this medium for another reason entirely.

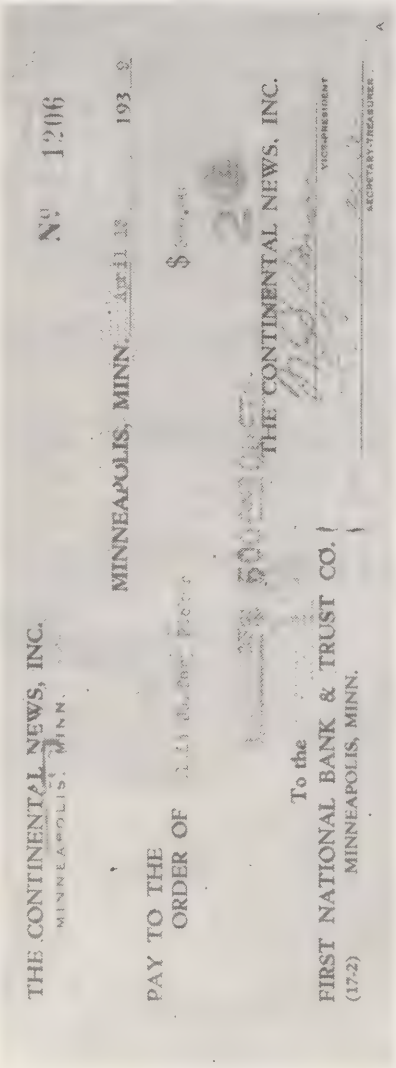
She was well-known, of course, through her strange secretarial relationship with the spirit of Rudolph Valentino. This famous movie lover—I had read in the newspapers—materialized nightly in Mrs. McKinstry's séance chamber and dictated to her the scenario for a motion picture which he had hopes of having produced on this earth plane. But I had no such unusual problem; I simply wanted to make a contact with a teacher of mine who had suddenly been called to the Other Side, leaving certain matters betwen us unsettled.

Mrs. McKinstry was a large, pleasant woman, and she treated me very cordially. Yes, of course, the contact could be made. No trouble at all. My teacher had been a mystic, hadn't he? In that case his passage back to This Plane would be very easy, indeed. Wouldn't I be seated? And had I attended séances before? Fine! So much the better. . . .

Only the spirit of my teacher never "got through" that day. Something happened, and it was as incredible a demonstration of clairvoyance—plus a little more—as I have ever seen!

There is something eternally mysterious about the mediumistic function. Not a medium myself, I have nevertheless known many and have attended many of their sittings. And always I am amazed at what takes place. But how Reverend McKinstry knew about the plane crash at Sturgis is, to me, the greatest mystery of all.

BACK IN STURGIS we were youngsters: I, my brother Charles, and Dewey Gross. Aviation was then an infant, full of glamor but fuller by far of peril. The boys had an aviator friend, a young fellow named Newman. It was a sad day when Newman threw open for them the door of adventure by offering to take them aloft in his ship, a two-passenger biplane.



Charles had the first ride. Newman and he went up, circled the blue horizon, and then came safely down. Thrills there were for Charles, but for Dewey there was—death. For when Charles ran to the wreck of the ship after that fatal second trip, only Newman was alive. Dewey's remains were tenderly lifted from the twisted fuselage, and what had been done could not be undone. . . .

Almost as soon as the sitting began, Reverend McKinstry seemed baffled. Her serenity had been disturbed all of a sudden, and now she complained that her neck was hurting her. *Continually her hand strayed to her throat.*

"It's an accident, a terrible airplane accident," she said.

What accident, I wondered. I did not understand what she meant. As I have said, the tragedy at Sturgis was far from my mind—and this woman was a stranger to me. There was positively nothing to recall the painful event to my memory.

"He's a 'gate crasher,'" she went on. "He is bound to be heard, and he pushes everything aside. Just like someone at a bargain counter or ticket window."

She was very pale now, and still her hand was on her throat. "A message for Charles," she said, her voice becoming husky and unnatural. "I am all right. I live. I am not dead."

It was the actual, living voice of Dewey Gross! Startled, I looked about me, half expecting to see him. And with the voice came memories of my adolescence, memories pleasant—and tragic. And then, suddenly, it was all over.

Reverend McKinstry was saying—and now her voice was clear and natural again—"My throat hurt so for a while. It felt like knives going into it. What was it? What do you suppose caused it? Can you tell me anything?"

There is something mysterious about these things, something I shall never understand. I had almost forgotten, but now the horror of that accident was clearly etched on my consciousness. I didn't see it happen, but they told me about it, and I remember the terrible picture that it made in my mind—*how, when they took Dewey from the demolished machine, they found that his head had been severed from his body!*

GRAND PRIZE WINNER

TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES CONTEST

It is easy to mislead a psychic with fake questions because the worker in the mystic field must assume the good faith of any client. In this article Rev. Shea describes the successful technique which has helped him over many otherwise embarrassing situations.

Rev. Evan Shea, who brings to our readers valuable suggestions based on his twenty-five years in psychic work.

THE READERS of my articles in TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE have followed my life through the various phases that led to my mediumship and my work in the psychic field. They have met my spirit guide, Hannah, and have traveled with me around most of the world. I have written about my public meetings, but not in any great detail. I have merely touched on the subject.

I realize that there are many of my readers who have never had time nor opportunity to attend the public meeting of a psychic. I would like to give more detailed information about such psychic meetings, and the happenings therein, in this article.

To conduct spiritual services of this kind, it is necessary to be a psychologist as well as a good instrument, or medium. When you take over the platform or pulpit, you must be in complete control of the situation and the people attending. This is not an easy task. You find yourself wide open to criticism, accusation, and mischievous impulse. You must be prepared to meet ridicule and opposition as well as devout attention. Once you start a meeting there is no escaping. The many eyes and minds are directed toward you, are constantly with you, watching your every action, listening to your every word. You are on the spot! And you must carry on.

You must be a psychologist because the full attention and appreciation of any audience are at best fickle things and can be very easily lost. One unkind word, one denial of a fact, one unkind accusation can easily cause you to "lose face" in your meeting. A group of "gigglers" can be dangerously disconcerting, and an unkind or vicious scoffer can be a menace. Mass psychology plays a very important part in any public meeting—so you must understand mass psychology.

I have learned through the years a very bitter lesson. I have learned that the very people who praise you one day can easily be swayed to criticize you unjustly the following day. Such is the way of audiences—such is the bane of prophets and seers. This is a situation you must contend with, always, one you must learn to master, always.

I have noticed among clients that one who is rather critical in the beginning frequently becomes a constant and devout follower in the end. I am almost fearful of hero worshippers. They expect you to be invincible—a god. They put you on a pedestal, and expect you to stay there, or else—

Then again, there is a certain class of people who delight in fooling you with fake questions and problems. They come, spend their donations and time, and still ask fake questions! I don't quite understand the thought process behind this. There is no great accomplishment in fooling a worker with a fake question. Anyone can be misled. We, who are in this work, assume that all questions to be authentic. We assume that all questions are based on sincerity, truth, and faith. I have said in past articles that a true psychic sees, hears, and feels. Sometimes we give an answer we hear; sometimes we give an answer that we feel. What's the difference—if it is authentic?

LAST YEAR I was invited to give a demonstration before a group of young college students. A very intellectual group they were, clever and brilliant. These young people had "taken up" mysticism and occultism, and were trying to arrive at a rational conclusion. Very fine. Dr. Hereward Carrington kindly submitted my name to the orthodox minister who headed this group, and I was very pleased to demonstrate my "wares."

The platform was all arranged when I arrived. The questions and articles were all ready to be psychometrized. After a short introductory talk and open forum, I proceeded to give messages through psychometry. Everything went along nicely, as far as I could judge by the reactions of the listeners and reading of the questions. Finally, I came to a question which asked, "Will my sister get well?" I did not see a special symbol, nor hear a special message, but I did not "feel" concerned. I did not "feel" any health issue. Naturally—and honestly—I said, "Yes, she will get well." The young man smiled rather broadly, and I noticed he winked an eye toward another young man nearby.

He thanked me, and I proceeded with the remaining questions until I had finished all of them. The group

HOW I HANDLE SCOFFERS

By

Rev. Evan Shea

Author of "Spirits Speak Truth"

applauded generously, and I retired to the coat room. As I was putting on my overcoat, I inadvertently overheard two men talking with the minister. One said, "But he told Frank his sister would get well! What about that?" I interrupted the conversation asking if they were talking about me. They admitted they were. I asked if they would have Frank join us, and Frank finally managed to do so. I then asked Frank, point blank, if he had a sister. He admitted he did not, and opined, "I certainly managed to fool you!" He seemed quite pleased with his action and fooling ability. I explained why it was not difficult to fool me with a fake question. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. I knew he had already formed his opinion of me, so I did not bother further.

It must be remembered that we psychics are controlled by the questions submitted. We should, and must respect every question. In this case of Frank, I told what I had felt. I gave him honest reactions to what I thought was an honest question. I *did not* "feel" sickness and said so. Yet, I was probably condemned without any further ado. I maintain I was perfectly right in my answer.

The strangest thing about this to me is the fact that these people endeavor to contact spirit and witness spirit phenomena through trickery and fraud. They hope to find true revelations through deceit and unkindness. How absurd! I still say it is easy to fool us with a trick or untrue question because we believe, and must believe, your question. How can anyone be enlightened by something that is used to destroy? The vital magic wand in all this work is *faith*. This vicious unkindness, to workers in our particular field of endeavor, has always been a sort spot in my life.

ANOTHER SUCH sore spot in my life was the late Harry Houdini. Many people have sneeringly asked me why I did not try to "get" the code he made with his wife, Beatrice Houdini, and win the ten thousand dollars offered. I would try to explain why, in great detail, in the past. Now, I just shrug my shoulders and say, "I am not capable."

There was much ado about nothing about this prearranged code that Houdini had with his wife, a code, if it was revealed in its entirety, was supposed to prove continuity of life. Many challenges were made to the various workers in this field, and many workers made fools of themselves trying to receive it. Not I! I declined to have anything to do with it. I know spirit cannot be, and will not be, subjected to the whims of mankind. I knew that the whole thing was nonsense from beginning to end.

What right had Harry Houdini, or anyone else, to dare to make such a pact? Was he not presumptuous? How dare he try to put God under a microscope? How did Harry Houdini arrive at the conclusion he would have the strength, the desire, the ability, or the permission, to keep a tryst or pact with his Beatrice? Has any mortal the right to gamble or wager with God?

There is the possibility, of course, that Harry Houdini awakened in the spirit world and laughed at his own mundane limitations and arrogance. I do not know, but I am quite sure that I, for one, will not make a fool of my spirit teachers and guides by even asking for such revelations! Even if any psychic did bring back the true code, I doubt that it would be accepted by the skeptics. The newspapers as a rule print only those things that are against psychics—not in their favor. Why cast pearls before swine?

Mr. Houdini was quite a person. He was clever and had an excellent stage act. As a child I watched him with awe and great admiration. I do not know if he had press agents, but if so, they were very smart! Before Mr. Houdini would appear in New York City, he would promptly start a campaign against mediums, psychics, and spiritualists. Column after column would appear in the newspapers about his exposures. He thus received hundreds of thousands of dollars in free advertising. These articles, as a rule, referred to his act and his ability, and the theatre was usually sold out—at the expense of psychics' reputations!

[*Continued on page 64*]

Rev. Evan Shea answers in this article, by psychometrizing letters, ten questions selected from hundreds he answers monthly for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE readers. For simple instructions on how you may receive a psychrometric reading from him, whether published or not, turn to page 62.

Psychic Wonders in No Man's Land

[*Continued from page 9*]

"'You will marry that one of the likeness in the sand,' the old man told me—and his words were wasted.

"When I was sent back to France, my first move was to obtain a furlough. A few weeks later, in England, the girl, whose face had appeared in the Oriental sands, and I were married. If I was surprised, she was vastly more surprised; yet I knew that it was going to happen as sure as I knew that I still had the breath of life."

Thomas Kelly, besides spending months in active duty as an artilleryman, was also of great service to his country in the Secret Service of the Intelligence Corps. Unfortunately, the very nature of the governmental secrets involved in this phase of his work does not make it permissible to describe herein his activities in this field.

What of the Future?

To be blessed with a mortal life span occurring when the world enjoys so high a degree of civilization is truly a great blessing. And yet we pay a terrible price for it. As our civilization has increased, the horrors and futility of modern warfare have kept pace. Never in the history of man have great nations, involving more people, been closer to national shell shock than they are today. The nations of the world are playing a ceaseless game of chess, and any of the international speeches that come through the millions of American loudspeakers, may, in an instant, change the economic and social pawns now being used into soldiers of flesh and blood.

A prediction concerning the future of the great powers from a man who knew as a child that a World War was hovering on the horizons, a man who knew it before the first shadows swept away the sunlight of peace, should be of enormous current interest.

Thomas John Kelly, who as a boy made such a prediction and, as a man, experienced the utter horror and imbecility come to pass, who was wounded and recovered, as had been predicted, has this to say concerning the future:

"The nations of the earth are on the brink of a greater catastrophe than they faced even in 1914. Germany has a staunch ally in Italy, a country that holds the same basic philosophy of life. There can never be a true reconciliation between their way of life and that of the great democracies of the world.

"With a country like Poland beside her, Germany will never be satisfied until she has her part of it.

"There will be a triangle reaching from Germany to Italy to Japan. Italy and Germany will probably use Japan as the spark that is to set off the powder. Japan will make a move that will pull the eyes of Europe eastward, and away from the volcano that is drawing near eruption in the Old World, and when she does, the curtain will go up on a death struggle between Democracy and Dictatorship. This catastrophe will strike within the year.

"Unless the democracies of the earth rise to superhuman heights, the history of our time will see them cast into secondary rôles among the nations of the world, if not actually into oblivion.

"With every day that passes, experts offer to an anxious population predictions about the coming crises, and these predictions are predicated on economic theories, on racial differences, on the clash between the philosophies of rulers. I am not a student of world affairs, but a student of man in the spiritual and material spheres, and my prediction has been derived from the same spiritual force that granted me the power to predict the last Great War, long before it actually occurred. At the time of that first prediction, I knew nothing of such things. A sense of understanding came to me in an instant from the Greater Life, and such, likewise, is the source of this prediction.

"And yet there is a ray of hope in all this black picture. The same forces that have given me these dire convictions have told me that strife is natural to man, that wars are man-made things, and being man-made, they can be stopped by man.

"Wars bring their days of wrath because men are incomplete, because they do not understand that God has given them no right to take a life which He has granted. Even in the face of this prediction that I have made, my spiritual guides tell me that someday mankind will understand the meaning of life in the spiritual sense. When that day comes, man will be nearer completeness, and will see the utter folly of beating his head—and that of his neighbor—against a mortal, man-made stone wall.

"Let us hope that day is not far distant."

Guardian Angels

[*Continued from page 19*]

doing nothing unseemly in its presence. The general effect upon the character of any child trained in this belief is very marked. The children learn to have unbounded confidence in their guardian angels, but they are never taught to worship these entities: worship is for God only. Angels are the intermediary between God and man. Parents and older children are often the interpreters to the child of what the guardian angel wants of them; therefore obedience to parents and older people becomes a loving duty instead of a disagreeable necessity.

In Stockholm, Sweden, four or five little children were playing in a sand pile. They saw a fairy—called in that country a *Tomte*—running into the garden from the street. He ran around the corner of the house and into the door. The *Tomte* looked just like a child of five or six years old, slender and graceful. He was dressed in a dark grey suit with a leather belt, and he wore a red pointed cap, grey stockings, and black slippers. The children tried to see his face, but he ran too fast, and all they gained was the impression that he was pale and airy. They all followed him into the house but could not find him though they looked everywhere.

In another family in the same city a little girl was taken into the family by adoption. In a very formal ceremony the child was given into the keeping of the household *Tomte*—the guardian angel of the household—and made a special charge of the fairy, for the family honor would be injured if this needy child should lack for anything, attention or happiness, which the family could give it.

There are ways, other than sight, of contacting the guardian angels which surround all of us. Often they are only heard. Sometimes this etheric sense of hearing becomes developed before that of sight. Perhaps it would be wise to describe the etheric body which houses these etheric senses.

Occultists and scientists tell us that every atom of the universe is floating in a sea of ether consisting of four different thicknesses. And every atom has its own etheric double, often called a pattern or matrix. Each one of us has such an etheric double, which is an intimate part of each one of us. It is shaped like our body—our physical visible body, though slightly larger and extending some three inches or more from it in all directions, and interpenetrating every atom of it. There is much more to be said about this very interesting integral part of each of us, but that is a field of study in itself. Suffice it to say here that this etheric body can live on its own plane easily and comfortably. Thus it is perfectly possible for each one of us to develop our etheric sight and hearing, and see and hear in the etheric planes as well as in the outer physical plane. By these etheric senses we can learn to know more intimately our guardian angels.

Circumstances once compelled a certain lady to take a long railway journey. Very early one morning, before the other passengers were awake on the long train, she arose and went to the dressing room. She was combing and arranging her hair in her usual style, high on her head. Quietly a voice spoke to her: "Arrange your hair low on your neck today." She looked about, thinking someone had entered the room, but she was still alone. Again she began to arrange her hair in her usual fashion when the voice spoke again: "Arrange your hair low on your neck today."

She was startled into inaction. Then

once more she began to pin her long hair high on her head. Again the voice spoke, this time more sharply: "Wear your hair low today!" She decided that perhaps she had better pay attention and obey, although she was surprised and confused.

That afternoon the train was wrecked. A large piece of wood struck her at the base of the skull, and, according to the surgeon who attended her, would certainly have killed her instantly had not her heavy knot of hair acted as a cushion, breaking the force of the blow. Silently she thanked her guardian angel for his care of her.

Another lady was traveling alone in a railway compartment. She went to the observation platform to watch the beautiful scenery through which the train was passing. Suddenly she heard a voice, commanding and clear: "Step back." Seeing no one nearby, she hesitated to obey, so she took a seat near the door of the coach. "Go back to where you came from," the voice said insistently. Scarcely thinking, she pulled open the door and entered the coach. Almost at that instant there was a collision, and the observation platform which she had just left was crushed to kindling.

The conductor hurried up to her. Eagerly she asked him if he had warned her to leave the platform. He assured her he had not, that he was in another car at the time. Knowing nothing about guardian angels, she still wonders who spoke to her and saved her life.

Often this etheric hearing does not need voices and spoken words. Once a little girl named Olga was left in the care of her aunt. A wilful child, she required close attention because she imitated the doings of the older children constantly. She slipped away one day from her aunt, who was busy about the house. Suddenly the aunt heard a deep slow sigh. She looked about her and saw no one. At once she remembered Olga. She rushed to the nearby porch just in time to see Olga preparing to jump from it, a height of many feet, in imitation of the older children, who jumped harmlessly from a low flight of steps. Little Olga might have been seriously injured if her aunt had not heard the deep sigh of the guardian angel.

Many are the tales told of such unseen helpers. Often no human life is involved, but only the safeguarding of some inanimate thing which is valuable to its owner. Many will remember the explosion some years ago of the principal newspaper building in Los Angeles. One of the men employed in the building heard these words as he covered his typewriter for the night: "Take it with you tonight."

Since he was a student of the occult, he asked no questions but picked up the machine and carried it home with him despite the chiding of his friends. Next day his was the only typewriter remaining.

Helpful to humanity through one sense or another, these invisible helpers remain close to the earth, always ready and willing to act, never tiring, never leaving their posts. They would guard the homes of humanity, keeping away *all* danger and strife, but man himself often hinders their work, and all too often their warnings go unheeded.

All Roads Lead to Lily Dale

[*Continued from page 13*]

The crowd listens intently. Mr. Knox steals a glance at the clock. The medium sharing the platform with Macdonald scans her audience.

Three o'clock! Applause bursts from the audience as the address ends. Music rings out, the opening chords of *Where the Roses Never Fade*. New faces at the windows watch the medium take her place. Perhaps it is Helen Graham, clairvoyant, of Jamestown, N. Y.

"There is a spirit speaking to me, calling, 'Ruth, Ruth . . . I want to go to my wife, Ruth.' Somewhere over there—yes, you, dear. Who is Kathryn? Katy? Your daughter? This spirit comes as a father's influence. He is saying that you need not be concerned about the child's health. All will be well. Ralph is here. Your brother? He is laughing about the trouble you have with those pansies. He says, 'Sis, I used to always say, "Why do you insist on trying to raise pansies, anyway?"'"

The crowd ringing the open side of the auditorium increases. Necks stretch. Excited whispers pass, "She's good, isn't she? Who is it? Helen Graham? I think I'll get a private reading from her. Look, there's Mrs. Hanson."

"As I contact you I feel all wound up inside. Things are like a tangled ball. Whichever way I turn I break a thread. So sit still, Edith ,let Harry make the next move."

"Priscilla, someone is here who loved music. The *Unfinished Symphony* is being played, and this person says, 'Life was like that for me.' You understand?"

On and on the messages go: astonishing, realistic, humorous, serious; bits lifted from the day's conversation as tests; bits of intimate detail from the life of loved ones passed on. The medium, neat and poised in a brown lace afternoon dress, passes back and forth behind the baskets of roses that bank the stage. Her voice is clear and smooth, reaching every one of the 3,500 to 4,000 listeners. Her bobbed hair waved severely back from a handsome forehead, Helen Graham is a magnetic person, assured, friendly. An air of culture blends with the drama of her work.

At four o'clock the service is over and the crowd surges through the doors. Perhaps some re-enter in a few minutes for the four-thirty séance. Some saunter towards the Inspiration Stump or the Forest Temple. Some visit the Fox cottage, linger to chat with new and old friends, or back out their cars for the drive home to Rochester, or some other place. The gatekeepers check their record with satisfaction, and shadows lengthen in soft dark blotches under the great elms of Leolyn Woods.

The Sunday afternoon services are high spots on Lily Dale's program and the 1939 lecturers for that time are George Cutter, July 2nd; Robert Macdonald, July 9th; H. G. Burroughs, July 23rd; Etta Bledsoe, July 30th; Dr. Strath-Gordon, August 6th; William E. Hammond, August 13th; Elizabeth Goetz, August 20th. Mediums who will occupy the platform with these speakers may be T. John Kelly—Mystic, April, or Maude Kline, Mystic, March—blindfold ballot readers, and several clairvoyants whose ability has brought them top-rank notice from spiritualists. One such is Frederick Nicholson, with rapid-fire messages peppered by full names: "Ivan Muscowavitch is here."

The evening programs at Lily Dale are usually a far cry from the spiritualist meetings. On Wednesday and Saturday nights chairs are pushed back in the auditorium, and a gay-coated dance orchestra occupies the platform. The *um-pah* of *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones* brings hundreds of young folks through the gates on warm summer nights. On Monday evenings the auditorium echoes with cries of "Bingo!" On Thursdays an entertainment draws the vacationing citizens to the auditorium.

Woman's Day, under the direction of Edith Griffith, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, is the outstanding social event of the year. This day opens with a morning parade of decorated cars and floats, includes an afternoon lecture by a prominent woman of the day, and closes with a banquet and formal ball. A unique feature of the day is that the women invite the men, as their guests to the banquet and dance! The auditorium is festively decorated for the ball, sometimes hung with giant paper sunflowers, symbol of spiritualism. A Men's Day is also observed at the Dale, and a Firemen's Day, Children's Day, and National Spiritualist Association Day, with appropriate programs.

Of foremost interest to Lily Dale's 50,000 yearly visitors is the Fox cottage, moved from Hydesville to the camp by B. F. Bartlett in 1916. Changed little since that historic date, March 31, 1848, the cottage is open during July and August. Raps may still be heard through the rapping mediumship of Flo Cottrell, raps similar to those which attracted the attention of a curious world to the story of little Katy and Margaret Fox. Just as the Fox sisters were able to talk in code with the spirit of a murdered peddler, so visitors may talk with Flo Cottrell's rapping guide today. A memorial service is usually held in the cottage on March 31, commemorating the day when the Fox sisters discovered that the antics and knocks in their home were pranks of a disembodied spirit. Their story and subsequent fame as mediums served as a foundation from which investigators evolved a philosophy and science, a young religion of spiritualism.

Today Flo Cottrell, the most famous modern rapping medium, escorts visitors

through the small two-story house. She recounts the story of the Fox family. Raps sound near her feet, across the room, behind the visitor's chair, sometimes on the wall with hammerlike intensity. Questions may be asked the guide, and he will rap an answer, two raps for "no," three raps for "yes." Sometimes the old-fashioned rocking chair in the living room begins to sway gently, without visible reason. Miss Cottrell describes a little spirit lady she can see rocking there.

The medium is quiet, modest, and feels a sort of comradeship with her rapping spirit friends. She lives during the summer in the Fox cottage, and explains with a smile that her home is the most famous haunted house in the world! Nor is her rapping mediumship confined to the four walls of the cottage. Muffled knocks may be heard on the ground when she stands in the yard, or at the side of her chair in the auditorium, or on the bottom of a boat if the medium goes for a row.

"Once 'they' pounded on the foot of the bed to wake me up," Miss Cottrell relates. "The house was on fire. 'They' saved my life."

Another interesting structure at Lily Dale is the Marion Skidmore Library, a neat brick building which houses the most complete collection of spiritualist literature in the world. Many of the works are rare and out of print. Across from the library stands the white modernistic home of the *Psychic Observer,* popular semi-monthly of spiritualism, edited by R. G. Pressing. Also on the grounds is a lyceum, a spiritualist summer school where the children attend each morning, sing, play, and study under the leadership of Muzette Akin.

Lily Dale's history is not a mushroom story. Struggle, sacrifices, confusion, failures, all blend in a story of courage. Across the pages of its history are written the names of leaders whose psychic powers have inspired the reverence of believers, and provoked the amazement of the outside world. There were the Campbell brothers and the Bangs sisters, in whose presence oil paintings were "precipitated" on canvas without the touch of a human hand—a type of mediumship now practically lost. There was Cora L. V. Richmond, of Cuba, N. Y., an uneducated farm girl who, when scarcely more than a child, began to be taken under control and deliver deeply philosophical addresses. She was destined to become the "silver-tongued orator of spiritualism."

When speaking to a group at Lily Dale in 1889, Mrs. Richmond remarked that there were within the sound of her voice people who would one day "fly through the air in a machine as bright as a bird, and listen to a whisper heard around the world."

Little remains on the Assembly grounds to tell of the days of Cora L. V. Richmond. A bit of abandoned steamboat dock stands, brown and forgotten, in the lake back of the Leolyn Inn. The cafeteria has replaced the speaker's stand and rows of plank benches. The framework of a stable grew into the Grand Hotel, then puffed out its chest, added a fourth floor, kitchen, dining room, and became the Maplewood Hotel.

The Leolyn Inn is by far the oldest Assembly building, now nearing the century mark. Once, as the Alden House, it was an overnight point between Dunkirk and Jamestown. Stage coaches plodded through the mud and drew to a stop under the swinging oil lamps. The Alden House was sold to Mrs. A. L. Pettingill, who named it after her daughter, Leolyn. Later the hotel passed into the hands of the Assembly.

In 1899, W. H. Bach of Lily Dale compiled a valuable little book, the *History of Cassadaga Camp,* an accurate record of its first twenty years.

During the winter of 1844 to 1845, Doctor Moran, of Vermont, gave a series of lectures on animal magnetism and mesmerism in Laona, N. Y., creating a great deal of interest, reports the Bach record. Jeremiah F. Carter conceived the idea that mesmeric treatment would improve his health, but Doctor Moran did not stay long enough to make the experiments. William Johnson, Mrs. Marion Skidmore's father, suggested making some experiments in emulation of Moran. A group agreed upon this and selected as a subject Doctor Carter. After a few moments he passed under control of Mr. Johnson, and soon he was able to go into the mesmeric state without the aid of a mesmerizer. While in this magnetic sleep he became a different individual, giving the name of "Doctor Hedges." Through him the people became interested in spiritualism, and a society of Spiritualists and Liberals was formed in 1850.

Meetings continued with more or less regularity until 1875, when the First Spiritualist Society of Laona was organized. Until 1877 occasional grove meetings were held under the auspices of the society and prominent speakers engaged. Willard Alden, of the Alden House, became interested, and his grove was used for the annual June picnic for several years.

In 1877 Carter believed that he was requested by spirit voices to go to Alden's at Cassadaga Lake and start a camp meeting. At the June gathering it was discussed and Alden donated the use of his grounds. The dates were set as September 11th to 16th, and speakers were engaged. Expenses were met by Carter, who stood in the road and collected a fee of ten cents from each person attending. At the conclusion of the first camp meeting the shortage was thirty dollars, which the managers paid from their own pockets!

The next year several cottages were built and meetings continued until the season of 1879, called the Lily Dale Camp Meeting. Then came the passing of Alden, and subsequent confusion. Then a new society was organized under the laws of New York, authorized to buy land, conduct meetings, and transact business legitimately. The first board was elected, the present site for the camp selected, and the grounds dedicated.

During the remainder of the '80's and '90's the June picnic and camp meetings were continued, with speakers and mediums whose names are yet familiar to spiritualists today. One novelty on the program in 1896 was a lecture by Robert G. Ingersoll.

Since the publishing of Bach's book much has happened at Lily Dale. Many names have crept in and out of its programs. New homes, hotels, public buildings have replaced the old. Lily Dale has burst from its chrysalis into a famous and established institution.

Among those who were instrumental in making the camp what it is are its presidents: A. S. Cobb, T. J. Skidmore, Marion Skidmore, A. Gaston, Elizabeth Harlow Goetz, Abraham Rasner, Doctor George B. Warne, Fred W. Constantine, Mrs. Esther Humphrey, and the present executive, Millard L. Knox.

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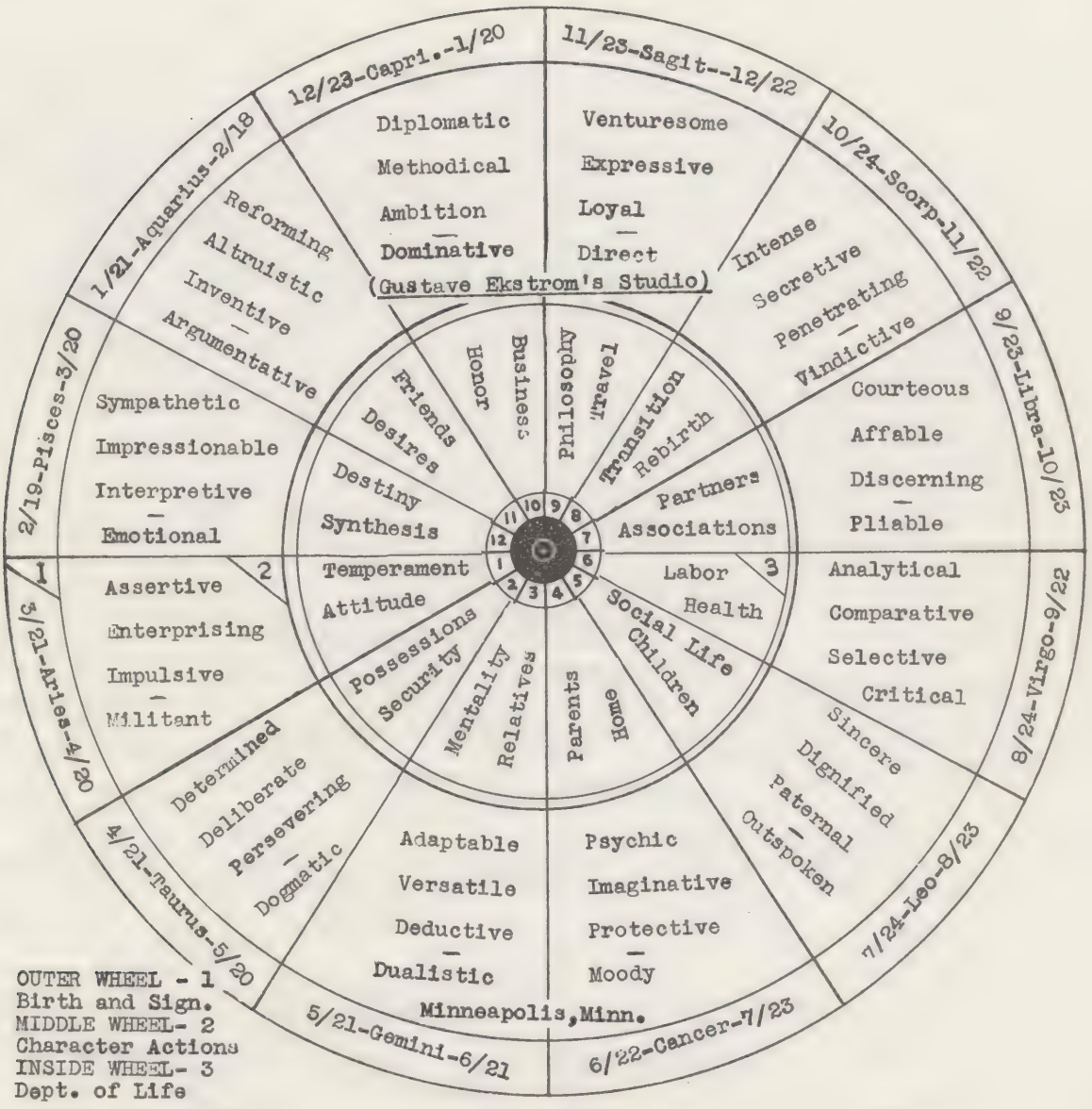
MYSTIC WHEEL OF LIFE



Astrological Chart of Life Activities

Wheel No. 1 designates which sign of the zodiac you were born under. Locate your birth date on No. 1 and you will find your proper sign indicated.

Wheel No. 2 is the character wheel. This wheel determines your personal characteristics.

Wheel No. 3—Department of life or astrological houses: circumstances which influence your life activities.

Small center wheel is numerical key to chart.

Cut out Wheel No. 3, leaving small center wheel intact, and paste on heavy cardboard. The proper adjustment of the numbers—one to twelve—on small center wheel will enable you to determine the effect of all the other aspects of the zodiac upon your own birth sign. In this way you can obtain twelve different analyses.

To Operate: Place Wheel No. 3—where it is marked No. 1 on small center wheel—on your birth sign on chart. Say you were born under Gemini: No. 1 shows the temperament and attitude to be adaptable, versatile, etc. Beginning thus, read in numerical sequence. We find No. 2 on small wheel places possessions and security under control of Cancer. No. 3 would fall under Leo, etc. Do not move wheel after you have located it on correct birth sign.

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You Can Be a Prophet

[*Continued from page 40*]

SIX OF WANDS: The Lord of Pleasure.

Signifies the basic wish or desire; an expectation or hope; an attempt at some achievement; a beginning.

Reversed: Treachery; disloyalty and boring from within; infidelity and deceit.

FIVE OF WANDS: The Lord of Loss in Pleasure.

Money, riches, gold, good fortune in financial matters; an inheritance, a gift, a gain.

Reversed: Lawsuits and judgments; a lawyer, a court or a judge; ill fortune.

FOUR OF WANDS: The Lord of Perfected Work.

Pleasant associations; concord and harmony; happiness and pleasure arising from congenial society; association and union.

Reversed: An advantage to be gained; success, prosperity, and joy.

THREE OF WANDS: The Lord of Established Strength.

Commerce, trade, negotiation regarding goods and merchandise; business undertakings and enterprises.

Reversed: Desires, hopes, wishes and attempts; usually pertains to commerce or business.

TWO OF WANDS: The Lord of Dominion.

Wealth and magnificence; riches, fortune; an exceptional grandeur and display.

Reversed: An unusual and extraordinary happening; surprise and even astonishment; an important event.

ACE OF WANDS: The Root of the Powers of Fire.

A commencement or beginning; the source and origin of a movement, person or thing; birth.

Reversed: Violence, tyranny and cruelty; a pursuit and persecution; vexation, worry, trial.

Cups

KING OF CUPS: The Lord of the Waves and Waters; the King of the Hosts of the Sea.

Kindness, beneficence, liberality, generosity; when applied to a person: a good and just man.

Reversed: Suspicion, doubt, parsimony; a man in a good position, but untrustworthy and dishonest.

QUEEN OF CUPS: The Queen of the Thrones of the Waters.

Happiness and joy; advantage, gain and success; a fair and attractive woman.

Reversed: A degree of success, but after difficulties and trouble; an attractive woman in a good position, but untrustworthy and meddlesome.

KNIGHT OF CUPS: The Prince of the Chariot of the Waters.

An advance or an approach; sometimes an arrival; movement toward a goal.

Reversed: Fraud, cunning and duplicity; an abuse of confidence through deceit.

KNAVE OF CUPS: The Princess of the Waters; the Lotus on the Palace of the Floods.

A fair young person; faith, discretion and integrity; confidence and trust.

Reversed: A gay deceiver; a subtle flatterer; artifice and deception; deceit and false praise.

TEN OF CUPS: The Lord of Perfected Success.

Honor, reputation, esteem; one's home city or town; virtue and integrity.

Reversed: Quarrels, strife, disputes; opposition and even battle; differences of opinion.

NINE OF CUPS: The Lord of Material Happiness.

Triumph arising from surmounting difficulties; advantage, victory, and success.

Reversed: Mistakes, errors in judgment, faults, and imperfections.

EIGHT OF CUPS: The Lord of Abandoned Success.

Friendship, tenderness, attachment, high regard; not love between the sexes; a fair girl.

Reversed: Gaiety and joy; pleasure and feasting.

SEVEN OF CUPS: The Lord of Illusional Success.

A basic undertaking or idea; thought, reflection, sentiment.

Reversed: A decision or resolution; objective, design; something that causes a new beginning.

SIX OF CUPS: The Lord of Pleasure.

The past; what has gone before and is finished; vanished, faded away, disappeared, ended.

Reversed: The future; something that is coming; shortly, within a brief time.

FIVE OF CUPS: The Lord of Loss in Pleasure.

Marriage; union, an organization formed; also inheritance, gain from past efforts.

Reversed: False projects; a surprise, usually of a disagreeable nature; an arrival, a return; news.

FOUR OF CUPS: The Lord of Rest from Strife.

Unhappiness, discontent, displeasure; dissatisfaction resulting from a situation; *ennui* and lassitude.

Reversed: A sign, presentiment, a portent; conjecture and uncertainty; a new acquaintance or character.

THREE OF CUPS: The Lord of Abundance.

A favorable issue of the matter in hand; success, triumph, victory.

Reversed: A quick movement in business, either good or bad; swiftness, celerity; watching vigilance.

TWO OF CUPS: The Lord of Love.

Love, friendship, affection, sincerity; an attachment for another.

Reversed: Opposition and obstacles thrown in the way; crossed desires; frustration, hindrance, retardation.

ACE OF CUPS: The Root of the Powers of the Waters.

Joy, feasting, banqueting, merrymaking; happy termination or interlude.

Reversed: Novelty, change, introduction of new element; sometimes inconstancy and fickleness.

Swords

KING OF SWORDS: The Lord of the Winds, the King of the Spirits of Air.

Dignity, authority, power, leadership, command, superiority; when applied to a person; a lawyer, judge, legislator, a man of the law.

Reversed: Grief and fear; worry, quarrels, lawsuits, chagrin and disturbing incidents. An evil man; a shyster lawyer or corrupt judge.

QUEEN OF SWORDS: The Queen of the Thrones of Air.

Loss, privation, separation; absence of loved ones; when applied to a person: a widow or widowhood.

Reversed: An evil woman; a shrew with violent temper; riches with discord; joy with grief; wealth with unhappiness and worriment.

KNIGHT OF SWORDS: The Prince of the Chariot of the Winds.

Promptness, skillfulness, capability; a soldier or one whose profession is war.

Reversed: Conceit, ignorance, simplicity; a foolish, conceited person.

KNAVE OF SWORDS: The Princess of the Rushing Winds; the Lotus of the Palace of Air.

A survey of other people or things; a general inspection by the authority of someone in power; a spy.

Reversed: An unforeseen incident; support from an unexpected source; vigilance, promptitude.

TEN OF SWORDS: The Lord of Ruin.

Grief, sorrow, affliction and tears; bad news; an unfortunate incident.

Reversed: A temporary success; a momentary advantage; a short-lived satisfaction and happiness.

NINE OF SWORDS: The Lord of Despair and Cruelty.

Honesty, integrity, good faith; an inherent feeling of right and wrong; conscience, probity; a clergyman, priest, or someone connected with a religious organization.

Reversed: Doubt and fear; suspicion; a wise distrust of persons and things; a questionable character.

EIGHT OF SWORDS: The Lord of Shortened Force.

Slander, libel, criticism and blame; sickness and pain; misrepresentation.

Reversed: An unusual incident to take place; a remarkable event; accident; a discovery of treachery in the past.

SEVEN OF SWORDS: The Lord of Unstable Effort.

Ambition, hope or desire; an attempt toward constructive change.

Reversed: Good advice; wise counsel; wisdom, prudence and good judgment.

SIX OF SWORDS: The Lord of Earned Success.

News from afar; an envoy or a messenger; a journey, travel; perhaps an ocean voyage.

Reversed: A proposal of marriage; an offer of co-operation; a surprise or revelation; good news.

FIVE OF SWORDS: The Lord of Defeat.

Losses and affliction; mourning for loved ones; sadness and grief.

Reversed: Same meaning.

FOUR OF SWORDS: The Lord of Rest from Strife.

A hermit or solitary person; abandonment, retreat; solitude, loneliness.

Reversed: Caution; economy and limitation of expenditures; preparation for change.

THREE OF SWORDS: The Lord of Sorrow.

Quarrels and strife; separation, divorce, disunion; dissolution of business; a nun or religious woman.

Reversed: Confusion and disorder; mistakes, errors, criticism; misrule and abuse of power.

TWO OF SWORDS: The Lord of Peace Restored.

Friendship founded on justice; order restored; courage, firmness, bravery.

Reversed: Deceit, lies, misrepresentation; false friends; treachery, false dealing.

ACE OF SWORDS: The Root of the Powers of the Air.

Riches and prosperity; victory; fertility, fecundity, birth, abundance.

Reversed: Obstacles and hindrances; hopeless affection; thwarted love; embarrassment, disappointment.

Pentacles

KING OF PENTACLES: The Lord of the Wide and Fertile Land; the King of the Spirits of Earth.

Energy, bravery, courage; success, victory, triumph; a dark man more good than evil.

Reversed: Worry, doubt, fear; danger, peril; an old man who is dangerous and violent.

QUEEN OF PENTACLES: The Queen of the Thrones of Earth.

Generosity, liberality, kindness, charity; general greatness of character; a dark woman, generous and kind.

Reversed: A certainty of evil; doubt, fear, mistrust; a woman to be regarded with suspicion and to be avoided.

KNIGHT OF PENTACLES: The Prince of the Chariot of Earth.

Rule and order; economy, system and management; wisdom, superiority; a trustworthy, useful man.

Reversed: A courageous man out of employment; idleness, unemployment, lack of energy, negligence.

KNAVE OF PENTACLES: Princess of the Echoing Hills; the Palace of Earth.

Economy, good government, good management; a dark youth.

Reversed: A spendthrift; waste, prodigality, dissipation, foolish management; lack of order and thrift.

TEN OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Wealth.

Home, dwelling, house, habitation; native land or land of adoption; family, relatives.

Reversed: Burglaries, robberies, losses; gambling and dissipation.

NINE OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Material Gain.

Foresight, prudence, discretion; a keeping of matters in order through discernment and circumspection.

Reversed: Deception and bad faith; lies, treachery, artifices.

EIGHT OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Prudence.

Innocence, modesty, beauty, loveliness, chastity, worthiness; a dark, lovely girl.

Reversed: The reverse of the above; flattery, usury, hypocrisy, deceit.

SEVEN OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Success Unfulfilled.

Treasure, gain, profit, gold, money, abundance, good fortune.

Reversed: Worry, grief, fear; a disturbing influence or event.

SIX OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Material Trouble.

Gratified desires, gifts, unexpected fortune; presents from others.

Reversed: Aim or ambition; desires; a passion or longing for attainment or possessions.

FIVE OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Earthly Affection.

Pure and chaste love; sweetness, affection, love; a lover.

Reversed: License, imprudence; illicit and disgraceful love; profligacy.

FOUR OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Earthly Power.

Gain, pleasure, joy, satisfaction; a successful culmination; gaiety and enjoyment.

Reversed: Opposition, obstacles, crossed desires.

THREE OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Material Works.

A rising in rank or position; dignity, nobility, elevation in position; power and authority.

Reversed: A beginning; birth, children, sons, daughters; anything pertaining to Youth.

TWO OF PENTACLES: The Lord of Harmonious Change.

Losses, worry, grief, difficulties, obstacles; an embarrassing situation or event.

Reversed: A message or messenger; letter, telephone call, communication.

ACE OF PENTACLES: The Root of the Powers of the Earth.

Success, prosperity, contentment, peace; a triumphant conclusion.

Reversed: Gain, profit, wealth, money, gold, abundance.

Invocation

In one of the articles in this series I agreed to give the invocation to be used when beginning any operation of Tarot divination. Doubtless it will be a surprise to any Initiate in an authorized esoteric organization to learn that such a secret is made public. There is an obligation when one receives each degree of Initiation. It is a promise not to give the teachings of that degree to any who have not been prepared to that point.

There is a common error made by Initiates in believing that any of the Mystery Teachings cannot be given to the public on account of the harm that would be done. It would be like giving a loaded gun to a small child. Such is not the case, however, with the Tarot cards, for no harm can come to anyone who uses them. The ancient obligation was taken in order to protect the Initiate from the violence of fanatics in the old days.

In this new age, however, it is no longer necessary to protect those who understand the Mystery Teachings from violence. The worst that the Initiate has to contend with is ridicule, and most of them are not affected by that. It seems to me that we are no longer bound by the old obligations where it is plain that the Teachings cannot harm those who receive them.

You will invoke Haroo, the Great Angel who is set over the use of the Secret Wisdom. Intone the name slowly, confidently, and without nervousness or fear. You, a child of God, have the right to command every being in the household, for they are your servants. To use your authority wisely and for right purposes is all that is required of you.

In the science of divination, as in any other science, we must recognize limitations. Medicine cannot cure every disease. Chemistry cannot solve every problem. Neither can we expect too much of any method for forecasting future events

Theoretically, a fourth-dimensional operation knows neither time nor space, but to say that everything can be foretold is to become a fatalist and to deny the power of the human will. Only within limited bounds can the future be known. Except within these limits we are not supposed to know. If we did, there would be no uncertainty and no element of adventure in life. And, more important, there would be no object in living.

The greatest of all Prophets told us to watch the signs. The Tarot cards are like signposts along a highway. They guide and protect by warning us of bridges, turns and detours, but they do not tell us of every detail that lies along the road. If they did we wouldn't have time to read them.

Your Mystic Council Chamber

[*Continued from page 41*]

The Metaphysical Realm

Question—Can one use metaphysics to overcome obsessions? Are all dual personalities obsessions? Does one become ruled by an outside—usually malevolent—personality through interest in spiritualistic and psychic matters?

Answer—Metaphysical practice persisted in with great sincerity and regularity can break up obsessions, provided the affirmations and general conduct of life are of the right nature. Interest in psychic or spiritualistic matters is not, by itself, a cause of obsessions. Many persons so obsessed have no knowledge of psychic matters, and probably have been reared in one of the orthodox religions. Such obsessions are sometimes called dual personalities, and occultists believe in such duality as distinguished from control by an outside individual.

Affirmations should be practiced regularly at any definite time morning and evening. These affirmations may also be repeated whenever the presence manifests itself. Such affirmations, if not made mechanically, but with thought and feeling, will help to clear out one's subconscious records, through which such control usually manifests itself. There are times when control is outright, and there is a complete surrender of one's personality. This is in truth a dual personality.

If the controlling personality gives messages and performs the services noted in mediumship, the effect is not one of obsession, but of mediumship. Many mediums develop quickly and with little or no previous indication of psychic power.

Affirmations Against Obsession

(These need not be memorized. They may be read. Start by repeating the Lord's Prayer.)

Mary Baker Eddy's "Scientific Statement of Being" is recommended:

"There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter; all is Infinite Mind and its infinite manifestation. Spirit is immortal truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God and man is His image and likeness. Therefore, man is not material, he is spiritual."

Follow with this Biblical quotation:

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore, the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure." First Epistle of John, Chapter 3, verses 1, 2 and 3.

"There is no transfer of evil suggestions from one to another, for there is but one Mind and this ever-present, omnipotent Mind is reflected by man and governs the entire universe."

"There is no fear. Man has absolute trust in God, trust in good; there is nothing but good, and man knows there is nothing but good; he is therefore absolutely fearless. No matter can touch man and no discarnate force can harm man, for he is spiritual, surrounded by Divine Love, with no intermediary to change his reflection of Divine Mind, God. Man is surrounded by Divine Love. No thought of harm can come to him. Only God's thoughts come to him, and these thoughts continually unfold, giving him peace, harmony and joy. Man is consciousness, God's consciousness, surrounded by Divine Love, and is always thinking rightly. Man is divine, spiritual, joyous, and absolutely fearless, being preserved by the perfect peace of understanding, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

"There is no lack of control of one's own personality, for man reflects God, and God controls and governs everything. God is cause—the only cause—and controls man perfectly. Man is never hysterical, for he is spiritual. God's ideas unfold to man in perfect sequence, giving him peace and harmony."

"There are no evil beliefs. The only thoughts are God's thoughts. Only God's ideas, pure, perfect, divine and holy ideas, can come to man, for God is Truth and man knows Truth."

"There are no adversaries, in or out of the flesh. God is Love and all beings are absolutely loving. There is nothing to be defended from, there is only God and His manifestations. God rules and governs everything. The Divine Being must be reflected by man, else man is not the image and likeness of the patient, tender and true, the One 'altogether lovely.'" "Science and Health," Chapter 12.

"There is no aggressive mental or spiritual suggestion. Only God's perfect ideas can come to man, for God is the only thinker."

"There is no mental or spiritual malpractice, for man knows Truth and is absolutely loving towards all. Man can never harm his fellow-man, but is always helping him. No harmful thoughts can come to man, for the only thoughts which can come to man are God's thoughts, spiritual, perfect, divine, and holy. There is only one thinker, God, Infinite Mind."

"There is no mental suggestion. Only God's thoughts come to man; God is the only speaker and the only hearer."

"There is no animal magnetism; all is Spirit and the manifestation of Spirit, the Principle of all purity and holiness."

"There is no blasphemy, for God is the only speaker and speaks by means of man. Only God's thoughts come to man—thoughts of Love and Truth. Man is the knowledge of God and therefore can only think of, and express, Truth."

"There is no confusion. God's ideas unfold to man in perfect sequence. All God's ideas are always in the right place, ministering to man and benefiting him. All is peace, rest and harmony. God manifests through man, and God is the Principle of all Law and Order."

"Man is always free, always in Truth, wherein is perfect freedom, and 'the glorious wisdom of the children of God.'" Romans, Chapter 8, Verse 21.

"Man moves from idea to idea with

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perfect ease, and is always in the right place, being God's consciousness. 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty.'" 2 Corinthians, Chapter 3, Verse 17.

(Quotations not otherwise credited were from or adapted from F. L. Rawson.)

* * *

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The Mysterious Doctor X

[*Continued from page 17*]

Down the sidewalk ran several men, picking up a policeman as they passed a drug store. The thief was climbing into a car just as they came up. He was taken to the police station, where he confessed. The stolen money was recovered.

One of the "stunts" of Doctor X is driving a car through heavy traffic, blindfolded. The bandage is taped over his eyes by men who know their business, and anyone is at liberty to inspect it, either before or after the performance.

"I watched that blindfold when it was put on," a theater manager told me, "and it was as tight as your rich Aunt Sarah. Doctor X took the wheel and drove in and out, dodging autos and street cars, turning corners, and pulling up in vacant places at the curb, just as though he had ten eyes to see with instead of none. I don't know how he does it, but I do know he can't see."

Doctor X is always busy no matter where he happens to be. Never can he be alone more than a few hours. People who are desperate with trouble, grief and uncertainty, seek him at all times of the day and night. When I interviewed him, he was called away twice by people who had come to consult him. He apologized when he left me.

"It's all right," I assured him with a smile. "I would rather talk with Mrs. Waddell than with you, anyway."

That was strictly true, for I wanted to learn something about the wife of a mystic. I wanted to know the kind of a life she leads, and what she thinks of a husband who astonishes thousands.

"Many of the readers of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE are women," I told her, "and they will be interested in you. Can you tell me something about the wife of Doctor X?"

"Well," she answered slowly, "you might tell them that if they marry a man like Doc—I always call him 'Doc,' you know—they never can have a home. Seldom are we in one place more than two weeks at a time. Whenever Doc fills an engagement we always remain at least a week afterwards. There are so many people whose questions cannot be answered in the theater, either on account of a lack of time, or because they are confidential. And you might say that we never have any social life."

"What do you mean by that, Mrs. Waddell?" I asked. "Do you mean that you have no friends?"

"We have hosts of friends everywhere we go, and often we are invited to their homes for a social evening. But when we get there we never play cards, or dance, or do anything of the kind. People just crowd around Doc to learn about themselves and their affairs. They take him into other rooms for confidential chats, and it is just the routine of the day all over again. Besides, no one will play cards against Doc. They think he will know everything they are holding in their hands."

"Does he?"

"I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised at anything. You see, I act as his secretary at the theater, and I hear from many who ask questions, and I know how accurate he is. I take care of the table in the lobby where people get slips of paper and write down their questions."

"Of course," I suggested, "most investigators would look for trickery in that. They would consider that you see the names and questions, and send them to Doc before he goes on the stage."

"But I don't see them, and we urge people not to show their questions to anyone. Most of them write them down before they come to the theater, and no one knows who they are, or what the question is. Last week four young women came in together. Doc told them their names, their birth dates, where they were born, what their questions were, and then gave the answers."

"Yes, but the skeptic would say that they were assistants, and that it was all arranged before the show."

She was hurt by that, I knew, but I wanted to hear what she would say.

"Of course we can't convince the skeptic," she answered after a pause. "We don't try. Doc just takes things as they come and does the best he can. We really are not interested in convincing skeptics or anyone else."

"Would you advise a young woman to marry a professional mystic?"

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"Oh, I can't say as to that. When a girl is in love, you know, she isn't going to take advice. I will say that we are very happy together, and perhaps I have given you the dark side of the picture. We do have a home life. We always take a hotel apartment where I can sweep the floors, make the beds, cook our meals, and darn the socks. I was merely trying to show you how our life is absorbed by Doc's work."

Her husband came in then and took up the conversation.

"You can say for me," he remarked, "that I would not advise any young man who has a high degree of extra-sensory power to take up this kind of a profession. If he makes it a hobby, then he can use it for recreation. But if it is his profession, he never has any recreation. People will consult him day and night."

"Do you mean you work later at night than this?" It was eleven o'clock.

"Often. This morning at two o'clock a couple of frantic parents got me out of bed. Their son had gone away early in the evening and had not returned. Naturally, I cannot turn such people away. I told them not to worry, that the boys were having some car trouble out in the country, but would return in an hour. Often the telephone is ringing by six o'clock in the morning, but I don't let them call me except in emergency cases."

"What type of question is the most popular?" I asked.

"Prior to 1929, questions about love ran ahead of all others. Since then, I believe the most frequent question is about finance. Money affairs and jobs are uppermost in the minds of people today, with affairs of the heart running a close second. You would be surprised to know how many people believe there is buried treasure on their property."

"There is one question that everyone is asking today, Doctor X," I said, "and that is about war. Would you care to make a prophecy for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE as to the trouble that is brewing in Europe?"

"Yes," he answered, "it is a question that is asked nearly every day in the theaters. As I see it, war will break out in November of this year, and it will end the reign of dictators. It will be a war of shorter duration than the last, but it will be of much greater intensity."

It was late at night when I concluded my interview.

"One last question," I told him. "When do you expect to retire from active practice as a seer?"

"Probably when they lay me away with flowers and soft music," he answered, and I detected a note of weariness in his voice. "You see, I am like a physician who can neither retire nor take a vacation, on account of patients who need him. Yesterday a young father and mother came to me and asked me to find the body of their little boy. He was lost in the mountains last summer. I told them I would go up there when the snow is off the ground, and will try to help them. I have two children of my own, and I cannot refuse such a request."

An entertainer Doctor X is always, but he is also a human being and is carrying on a work of outstanding service. He aids those who have tried every other channel of information, and we may marvel at the fact that he is successful.

Doctor X is a living, breathing challenge to scientific investigators. Through him we may gain entrance to a valuable and interesting field of research and exploration.

Pluto—Dictator of the Planets

[*Continued from page 29*]

On July 3rd, the Moon in its cycle reaches the conjunction of Mars, opposition to Pluto, and square to Saturn, adding energy to the warlike T square. Totalitarian powers will take aggressive action or make threats. Conditions abroad will appear grave. Within the United States unusual acts of crime will be committed, there will be outstanding news relating to the Navy or shipping, violence will be prevalent, and accidents numerous.

On the seventh of July the aspect of Uranus to Jupiter is complete, and on the eighth the Moon in its cycle reaches the conjunction of Neptune in the house of money (second), and the trine of Uranus in the house of the Administration (tenth). Various unusual plans of the Administration will be assailed, including those relative to increasing revenue and those relative to foreign powers. There will be much talk of impractical schemes and foreign entanglements. The plans, nevertheless, will lead ultimately to action.

On July 10th, the Moon in its cycle comes to the conjunction of Saturn in the house of the Navy (ninth) and square to Pluto and Mars. This will bring disturbing news from other countries, and a demand that our armament program be hastened. Warlike conditions will be accentuated throughout the world, and at home labor conditions and relief will cause much strife.

On the seventeenth, the Moon in its cycle makes the conjunction of Pluto, the opposition of Mars and the square of Saturn in the New Moon chart here illustrated. The Administration will be severely criticized. Warlike conditions will increase abroad, especially in the Far East. Financial matters will cause violent controversy.

On July 26th, due to Mars in its cycle reaching the opposition of Pluto, the period just preceding or following this date will be highly dangerous in world affairs. The totalitarian powers will be greatly stimulated and will become more arrogant. And in the United States difficulties over money matters will be again brought into focus.

On July 30th, the Moon in its cycle reaches the conjunction of Mars, the opposition of Pluto and the square of Saturn. Strife, traffic accidents, acts of crime, and controversies about money will be prevalent. There will be great uncertainty as to the outcome of events in the Far East.

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Letters From Our Readers

[*Continued from page 37*]

proof that this most wonderful medium was a fraud.

Nothing is easier to explain if we consider what a medium is: namely, one who is negative and subject to control by spirits in the body, as well as by discarnates. Margarette had come under certain influences bent on debasing and undermining the philosophy of spiritualism. I am sure that "toe joints" had no part in the positive phenomena I had witnessed on that day in 1887.

Doctor Gustave Wiksell,
3715 West 27th Street,
Los Angeles, California

3rd Prize Letter

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

ONE EVENING during the summer of 1890 my mother and I were seated, one on each side of the dining-room table, reading. It was the hour between the sunset and bedtime for my baby, John, who was four years old. We three were alone in the house. John was playing under the table. He was talking, but we paid no attention to him until he spoke the name of his brother Paul, who had died only recently. The one-sided conversation went on for some time, while we stared across the table at one another, scarcely daring to breathe. Then John crawled from under the table, came to my side, and said: "Mamma, Paul is here, and he wants a crust of bread without butter." I gave him the crust. He went back under the table and we heard him say: "Here it is, Paul. Here is your crust."

The boy, Paul, who was nearly seven years old when he passed on, had disliked butter intensely. But he loved to nibble on a crust of bread.

Later, questioning my small John, he told me that Paul had told him that he was not in the ground, but that he was living in a pretty place.

This experience satisfied the little brother and he did not grieve any more. It eased my grief, too. I felt that my little boy was indeed alive and that I would see him again, and that there is light and life beyond the grave.

Mrs. Hattie Belle Draper
825 Washington Street,
Santa Rosa, California

The following letters were awarded one-year subscriptions to TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE:

MINISTER OF COMFORT

DURING THE last week of September, 1919, I was visiting some of my parishioners and also collecting money for benevolences. When nearing the town I noticed some boxcars standing on the track with an opening large enough to allow two automobiles to pass. As I drove through, a freight engine passed along the tracks, just barely missing my car. Why someone wasn't there to warn of the approaching engine, I do not know, and how I escaped being killed is still a wonder to me. However, I didn't think so much of the experience until I went to bed and tried to sleep. Then fright played havoc with me. This condition continued so that by Sunday I was as pale as a sheet and so weak I could hardly stand up.

A few weeks later I moved to another parish. Sleep came in fits and starts. Try as I might, I could not get a decent night's rest. I don't know why I should have been so scared after the experience was over. I had other hairbreadth escapes before and since, and gotten over them. None ever affected me like this.

However, one night I fell into a deep sleep and while asleep I died. Yes, I died as much as I ever could. I felt myself leave my body and saw it lying on the bed with the hands folded in the fashion of a corpse. When I awoke, all fear had left me. Since that day I have been near death through illness three times and have known no fear.

Soon I became my old self again. Then I started conducting most of the funerals in the community. I buried all kinds and conditions of men and women. Suicides and whatnot. My friends started calling me "the burying parson." One friend told me that I made death "a glorious adventure," not something to be feared, and he wouldn't mind dying if it was as I had said it was. In a later parish I had five hundred and twenty-six funerals. Nearly all over the county I was in demand for funerals. Since I left that parish I have been called back twelve times. On the whole, ministers feel that such an experience is a compliment to their ministry of comfort. This opportunity came to me, I believe, because I had died once.

There is no other explanation.

Reverend Herbert Marsh, D.D.,
Rockwell, Iowa

PHANTOM CAR

ABOUT FIFTEEN years ago I was spending the evening with my stepsister, Mrs. Alfred Owen, who at the time lived on Poe Avenue of this city. It was a beautiful moonlight night in July and she suggested we take a nice ride out through what is known as South Brooklyn, with the top of the car down as it was quite warm. Seven of us piled into the old seven-passenger car. Besides myself, there were Alfred Owen, Jr., who sat in the front seat with me, his father, stepmother, sister, fiancée, and a neighbor couple took up the rear seats. We drove out through all the country roads and it was well-nigh midnight when we decided it was time to start back.

On our way back it was necessary to pass a cemetery in North Royalton—a small suburb of Cleveland. I was driving, and as I started down a small grade about a thousand feet from the graveyard, I noticed another car approaching us at a terrific speed. Their lights were all turned off, and they deliberately steered their machine directly towards us. We could plainly see five passengers, and we all thought that they were intoxicated. When I turned one way, they did the same, and I saw

there was no way of avoiding a head-on collision with fatal results to all of us. My stepsister, Mrs. Owen, screamed that we would all be killed. The others tried to advise me just what to do. Now these things all happened in a great deal less time than it takes to tell. In desperation I cut the wheel sharply to the right and drove into the ditch: the other car did likewise, and we all braced ourselves as best we could for the crash. But it never came, for the car vanished completely into the midnight air. We talked about this strange occurrence for the following two weeks. Each one swore that the car actually was there, and I certainly couldn't argue the point otherwise, as I was doing the driving and saw it as plain as day.

Finally one day a friend of my sister's stopped in to visit with her, and she mentioned about five persons who had been killed instantly in an auto accident which took place just about on the same stretch of road where we all had seen this approaching car, apparition, or whatever one cares to call the same. I can picture it still to this very day and, as to the truth of it, that can be proved beyond a doubt by those who actually saw it take place.

Theodore William Klein,
2746 West 14th Street,
Cleveland, Ohio

SPIRIT OPERATION

I WAS OPERATED on for a cancerous tumor in 1932, but the operation was not successful. The wound never healed, but continued to drain, and I suffered until the first day of May, 1938.

Those in the spirit world had come to me many times before, had helped me in many ways, both spiritually and materially. On this day, while I was preparing my breakfast, I was urged to go to my cabinet and sit in contemplation. But I was hungry—not having eaten since noon of the day before—and I decided to put off the spirit forces until I had had my breakfast. I held an egg in my hand, ready to break it into the frying pan, when suddenly the egg was lifted six or seven inches above me in midair. It hovered there for a moment, then I saw my guide grasp it, swing it in a wide circle and hurl it to the floor, where it lay a scrambled mess. At the same time I heard once again the command, "Go and sit!"

I went to my cabinet and sat for several hours. There I received the following instructions: "We intend to perform a spiritual operation, and we want you to get ready. You must lie down and be perfectly quiet while we remove the cancer. Afterwards we will treat the organs that have been affected, and your body will again attain normality and you will be freed of excessive fat. After a year or so, you will be entirely cured." They put me into a semitrance and gave me clairvoyant vision to show me what was being done and how it was being done.

I saw the spiritual assistants and the physician himself—a Doctor Olson. All were dressed in silvery-white gowns. I saw an oblong white vessel containing half the tumor: the other half was in my body, which was now opened diagonally from the right breast to the left pelvic region. Neither the opening nor the tumor was bleeding. A thick haze of ectoplasm surrounded the vessel and the tumor, and from time to time I was told that the operation was coming along fine and would be successful.

Apparently they had used some sort of anaesthetic, for after it had been over for several days, I began to feel pain. My flesh was so sore that I could not stand anyone's touching me. The slightest touch felt like a knife cutting into me. But each day now finds me further along the road to health.

Any, or all, of these facts can be proved by records in writing in Foote Hospital, where I had been treated in 1932, and also in the offices of the Welfare Board. I had been told that I could not live the year out. My health today is living proof that I was freed from cancer by that spiritual operation on May 1, 1938.

Reverend Lillian A. Maitland,
1153 Wayne Street,
Jackson, Michigan

BURIAL OF A GHOST

SOME YEARS AGO I was visiting friends who had bought an old house in Devonshire, a typical manor with a large oak-paneled hall, spacious rooms, and heavy beamed ceilings. The place was homey and comfortable: my friends did everything to make my visit enjoyable, but I was depressed, uneasy. I'd wake up in the night with my heart pounding and the oppressive feeling of a great weight hanging over me.

When I mentioned this to my friend, a fellow guest and my hostess admitted having the same experience. My host laughed and told me that the house was supposed to be haunted. After some friendly argument and kidding, he bet us we wouldn't spend the night in the hall where the ghost was supposed to walk. To his surprise, we all took him up on it and agreed to do it that night.

Our watch began at eleven thirty. It was cold in the hall and the house was full of tiny creaks and rustlings. For an hour we sat there in the dark, not daring to talk above a whisper, waiting for something to happen. I was about to suggest that we give it up and go to bed, when a shadowy form seemed to emerge from the oak panel at the end of the hall and come toward us.

As the figure became clearer, more distinct, we saw the the face and form of a young, pretty woman in a dark blue riding habit and tricorn hat, lace at her throat and wrists, a riding whip in her right hand. Paying no attention to us, the figure crossed the hall to the foot of the stairs.

A stifled scream from my friend's wife, and the figure vanished instantly. A search of the house later revealed a hidden cupboard in the wall near where we had seen the figure. It contained a woman's skeleton, some scraps of lace and a broken riding crop. A church service was conducted over the remains, followed by burial, and the figure was never seen again.

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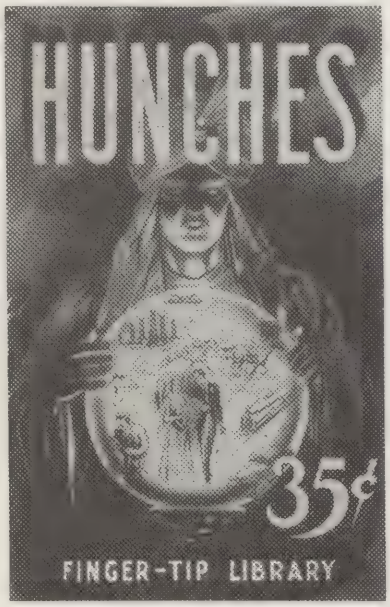

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How I Handle Scoffers

[*Continued from page 49*]

RETURNING, after this digression, to the problems that arise in holding meetings, I shall list a series of "don'ts." Students and aspirants interested in psychic work may gain by these ideas, which I, as the reaper, gained only through bitter experience.

1. Never argue with a client. There are times you know you are correct. You read the question and *see* that you are correct, yet the client may answer your query with a definite "No." This may bother you very much indeed, but under *no* circumstances try to prove your correctness. There may be very good reasons why the client persists in denying. Your *very correctness itself* may be the reason! You may be right, yet he does not dare to accept it publicly, because he may have friends or relatives with him at the time. He may deny to avoid being embarrassed.

2. When you have a group of "gigglers," you must be very tactful. Such a group can start a wave of laughter and ruin your whole meeting, for laughter is contagious. When this happens, at any of my meetings, I tolerate it for awhile, hoping it may be only temporary. If it continues, I stop the meeting and looking toward the gigglers I say, "You seem to be amused at something. I am glad you are happy and glad you are here, but others at this meeting may be disturbed by your laughter. I realize it is almost impossible to stifle a laugh, so let's have a short intermission and laugh it out." They sober up immediately! I resume my work and you may be sure there will be no more laughter during that meeting! If I had opposed them, on the other hand, the result would be entirely different and altogether embarrassing.

3. You are trying to teach love—so practice love in your meetings. Be tolerant. Be kind. Try to avoid platitudinous messages. Be direct and to the point. Do not try to be invincible! Just give what you get, easily and simply. Bear in mind that at best you are only an instrument—a vehicle—nothing more.

4. It is necessary that some sort of remuneration, or compensation, be offered for your work. Christ said, "A laborer is worthy of his hire." A mechanic is paid for his efforts; you are a mechanic. The old law, "Nothing for nothing," operates in every walk of life. We must give before we receive—physically, mentally, spiritually. Such is the law of life.

* * *

Question—Just how do you explain your mediumship and what books would give me a more comprehensive idea of your work?

I. J. J., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Answer—There are thousands of books written on this subject. If you will communicate with Dr. Hereward Carrington, TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, I am sure he would be better qualified to recommend the necessary books. In explanation of my mediumship, I maintain that all people are psychic, actively or dormantly. As you know, we all are born with five physical senses, and we also have five spiritual counterparts. But just as we have the deaf, dumb and blind physically, so we have the spiritual counterparts. I merely happen to have a better development of the spiritual senses than is ordinarily found.

Question—Should I give him up? It seems so futile.

B. B. K., Baltimore, Md.

Answer—No. I do not feel you are wasting your time in this matter. I realize the many obstacles and barriers hindering the fulfillment of your desire, but I do not feel you will be disappointed. Continue, please, for your sake and his.

Question—I would like to prove continuity of life. Can I do this?

S. K. L., Anna Maria, Florida.

Answer—It is impossible to put God under a microscope Spiritual truth is based on faith. We spiritualists believe in the continuity of life after death. Who can disprove that fact? Do not bother your heart and soul with this overwhelming desire. Just go along as best you can, doing your work in sincerity and truth, and let your words, actions, and messages speak for themselves.

Question—Do you have an idea of the weather conditions that may prevail in the "dust bowl"?

Sam B., Colorado.

Answer—It seems to me that the weather this summer will be dry. Somewhat of a drought will probably prevail.

Question—He is only a little fellow, and every time this happens, he screams in terror. What can I do?

Z. P., Indianapolis, Ind.

Answer—There is every indication that he is a vehicle for spiritual phenomena. Your duty in this instance is to try to reassure him that there is no danger. Teach him about life and death and the definite continuity between the two. Tell him that the spirit forces come only to help. Allow him to become familiar with them and try to know them. As a child I passed through the same phase without harm or damage. Have no fear, please. Allow it to work itself out easily and spiritually.

Question—She told me it was a Karmic responsibility. What did she mean and what can I do about it?

T. Biowen, Los Angeles, Calif.

Answer—*Karma* (sometimes called *Dhama*) is a duty or responsibility we are

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born to overcome in this life. In this case the teacher noticed your responsibility was *work*. So—work. Do your work happily and willingly, but *work*. In this way you are discharging this imposed obligation and will be free of it when you come to this earth-plane again. You are fortunate to know your *Karma*.

Question—Is the property valuable from a mineral or oil viewpoint?

E. S. Q., New Mexico.

Answer—No. I do not feel any specific worth in this direction. I cannot tell you how to invest your money, but to your question my answer is no. Do as you think best.

Question—Will it be successful?

O. O., Minn.

Answer—I see a rising sun as a symbol as I hold your letter. The sun is a symbol of fulfillment, abundance, life, success. The answer to your question is therefore —yes!

Question—I like the house, but I am constantly conscious of this vast restlessness. Is there any reason for this?

(*Name Withheld.*)

Answer—Yes, there is a definite reason behind all such feelings. Sometimes it is caused by a guiding influence; at other times, by a sort of premonition. To me it would mean that you have finished with it. It has served its purpose, and now you are ready for a new step. There is a feeling of change, and you will change. It is done. You are ready. Go ahead and be thankful for this intuition or guidance.

Question—I was walking on water. I did not have any fear. I was sitting in my office as I read the letter but did not know how to interpret the symbol. Do you?

H. J. L., Chicago, Ill.

Answer—Yes, I can. Water is a strange symbol; it is paradoxical. We always think of water as being liquid and thus flexible; yet, symbolically it means just the opposite. It stands for solodity. So, with that in mind, I would say that the offer in the letter was good and worth-while, and would bring a "solid" (that is, a positive) fulfillment for you. The offer is good and should be considered.

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The Bell Witch

[*Continued from page 27*]

woman who was soon to arrive, and who would offer a suitable and advantageous marriage. In spite of the warning, John, Jr., went East. Six months later he returned poorer by the cost of the trip and with nothing accomplished, just as predicted. And he did sacrifice the chance of a good marriage, for the day after he left home a rich and lovely young woman, a stranger, arrived, but she stayed only for a day.

Up to now the witch's practices had been rather of a mischievous nature, such as suggesting that the Bell sons dig for buried treasure which should be Elizabeth's, and later taunting them for the hard work of digging which had netted exactly nothing, even though the location and method of securing the treasure had been minutely described by the witch. Plaguing James Johnson, whom she called "Old Sugar Mouth," was one of her favorite pastimes. Once when Lucy Bell was sick, hazelnuts and luscious grapes were presented by the witch to tempt a failing appetite. On at least one other occasion a number of persons ate of grapes dropped into their laps by the spirit.

A thorn in the side of the good folk who dwelt in the community was Mrs. Kate Batts. Obese, headstrong and loud-mouthed, she was far from popular with her neighbors. Possessed of a weakling husband and two frail sons, Kate virtually wore the trousers in the Batts household. Soon various persons in the neighborhood began noticing traits that Kate had in common with the witch. Kate loved big words, though she seldom used them correctly. Kate was careless of the truth. Kate was keen on lambasting her fellowman, and expert at fault finding. All were points in common with the witch. It was only natural then that many thought Kate Batts and the witch one and the same, and shortly the witch came to be called by the name "Kate."

Suddenly what had been more or less an inconvenience took the form of real menace. John Bell was stricken with a serious illness. His tongue would stiffen without warning until he could no longer articulate. For days he could not swallow even a morsel of food. Finally the attacks became more frequent until at last he was confined to his bed and it was evident that Kate would soon trouble John Bell no more.

On the morning of his passing, the family realized that he was very ill, indeed, and sent for the doctor hurriedly. In a cupboard they had found a bottle of smoky-looking medicine that they were sure was not any that had been prescribed. When the physician, Dr. George Hopson of Port Royal, arrived, he disclaimed all knowledge of the drug. It was tried out on a cat which died in agony before the fluid had even passed through its lips.

Kate attended the last hours of the sick man, celebrating with gleeful and derisive songs, and boasting of having put the fatal bottle there purposely. Shortly after John Bell's passing, Kate departed, too, promising to return in seven years.

The promise was kept in 1828. By this time the family was mainly broken up, only Lucy Bell and her sons, Richards Williams and Joel, residing in the old residence. The presence manifested itself in much the same way as in the previous visitation. Shortly afterward Lucy Bell passed on, and the place was unoccupied for many years. The house fell into decay and ruin and today only a few stones of the foundation remain to mark the spot.

So widespread was the fame of Kate, the Bell Witch, that many persons of prominence traveled there, that they might learn more of her at firsthand. Among those attracted were General Andrew Jackson and the Honorable John Tyler.

Descendants of the Bells still live in the county and surrounding districts, all men and women of sterling character, a credit to their country and their worthy forebears, John and Lucy Bell.

* * *

Grateful acknowledgment is made to "Authentic History of the Bell Witch" by M. V. Ingram. We also wish to thank Mr. Mark Stivers, Lafayette, Indiana, for his courtesy in putting this book at our disposal.—EDITORS.

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"At noon on that day the sky became cloudy and rain started to fall, with a heavy fog descending close to the ground. And almost simultaneously it turned freezing cold. The day grew darker and darker until, late in the afternoon, the skies appeared like monstrous black mountains seeming to push the daylight away from every corner of the world.

"Night soon spread over the river. Nothing could be seen through the moving veils of grayish fog. Out there somewhere—lost in the raging of the wind and rain—the skiff carrying my father and brother homeward was upset.

"My father was wearing a heavy sheep-lined coat and high hip-boots, and, thus deprived of the freedom of his arms and legs, he perished in the icy river. My brother managed to swim ashore with him, and carried home his lifeless body.

"A small stream ran between our farm buildings and our little family cemetery. After the sad funeral procession had come and gone, I decided to photograph my father's grave for my own memorial purposes. I used only my old Brownie camera for this, but when the negative had been developed and a print made, I was astounded to see in this picture a gigantean image of the Christ that seemed to stand among the trees sheltering the grave.

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